Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

MUSIC.

There's music in the Robin's notes,
When pouring forth its matin song;
There's music in the air that floats
In balmy breezes o'er the land.

There's music in the tolling bell,
As slow it peals upon the ear;
There's music in the woodland dell,
When Spring's sweet warblers first appear.

There's music in the sun's bright beam,
When glancing far o'er plain and hill;
There's music in the gentle stream,
The bubbling brook, or murm'ring rill.

There's music in the rolling waves,
When by stormy winds they're toss'd:
There's music in the coral caves,
Where dwells the Ocean Peri host.

To me, there's music in the sigh,
That heaves the maiden's troubled breast;
It tells of hope, in worlds on high,
Where sorrow ends, and all have rest. G.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

THE SEASON.

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving field.—Thomson.

Those who avail themselves of the many mild and delightful days incident to the season, to make excursions on horseback out of the city, may observe around them rich subjects for profitable contemplation. The Indian summer of America is famed for its beauty. The trees of our forests present a most gorgeous appearance, and the scenery of the country is unusually beautiful and imposing. Nature, though about to throw off her rich drapery, seems determined to gratify her admirers, by appearing in her most attractive and fascinating colours.

In viewing the rapid approach of winter, figuratively called the *death* of nature—it is impossible to suppress the feelings of melancholy which insensibly steal over the mind. But for the assurance of returning life, those feelings would naturally be sad and gloomy. The wisdom of an all-controlling Power is most beautifully displayed in the arrangement of our constantly changing seasons, affording us a perpetual variety of attractions, peculiarly adapted to gratify our temporal wants and please our fickle fancies. Each division of the year has its attractions, and if those which distinguish Autumn are of a more sedate character, they are perhaps more in unison with our sympathies. It is a relief to the mind occasionally to indulge in reflections of a melancholy character, especially such as are created by the "sere and yellow leaf" of Autumn.

The present is the season for wholesome exercise. The air is invigorating and uncontaminated with the impurities arising from excessive heat, and those who have sufficient resolution to rise at the dawn of day, are amply rewarded by viewing the splendors of the eastern horizon. The sun no longer "dazzles to blind," and the unprotected eye may, without inconvenience or danger, follow his progress upwards, and observe the varied hues of the mists of the morning, as they are gradually dispersed by his increasing brilliancy and warmth. The indolent know nothing of the glories of the morning sun—they realise none of the enjoyments of an invigorated body and mind, experienced by the early riser.

As appropriate to the subject, we copy, by permission, from the Album of a literary lady of this city, the annexed reflections on the season.

AUTUMN.

"The year growing ancient.
Not yet on Summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling Winter."—Shakspeare.

To me no season of the year has more attractions than that of Autumn. I love the bracing breeze that sweeps through the forest—the brilliant hue that tinges the fading products of Summer—the glorious lustre of the cerulean sky—but more than all, I love and cherish the sober, but not sad feelings of melancholy, which the appearances of nature around us invariably inspire.

Autumn is the season for reflection. In the Winter we read—we enjoy the blazing fireside in social converse with our friends—we indulge in innocent recreations, and we prove by our habits, our associations and enjoyments, that happiness is not contingent upon external influences—that it may be realized as well in humble as elevated life—as well in the cottage as the palace.

In the Spring, the resuscitation of nature from the gloomy sterility of the grave, produces a corresponding change in our feelings. We are carried away with joyous emotions. The "ethereal mildness" of the morning—the brilliancy of the landscape—the sweet fragrance of the opening flowers—the soft melody of the songsters of the grove—all conspire to give buoyancy to the feelings, and exhilaration to the mind—to intoxicate with joy and bewilder with pleasure.

With the Summer comes a re-action, but a re-action not destitute of enjoyment. The farmer rejoices over his waving fields, and busies himself in storing up a rich reward for his labours. The denizen of the city seeks recreation in a journey, and perhaps, from the toil and tumults of a chequered life,

"Steals to look down where nought but Ocean strives."

There is, all around us, a rich field for enjoyment. Fashionable society has attraction, if only to afford us a better knowledge of human nature—the pursuit of recreation and health, has attraction—new faces, new scenes, have attraction—for they teach lessons of instruction—increase our stock of information, and familiarise us with varieties of the human family.

But Autumn! Melancholy Autumn comes and sheds a halo of devotion over our feelings. Its gentle air cools our heated brows—calms our excited passions, and spreads a sweet and a holy influence over our hearts. Autumn I *love* thee! I cherish in my inmost heart, thy glorious scenes—I love the tinge of thy skies—the splendor of thy setting-suns—the brilliancy of thy forests. I worship thee for the benign, the salutary influence which thy associations impress upon the mind—teaching us, in silence, the follies of a vain and dissolute world—the disappointments incident to the pursuit of pleasure—and pointing, by signs not to be misunderstood—by the falling leaves of the grove—by the slow but certain decay which is marked on the face of nature—by the feelings of our own hearts—the irresistible influence of *Time*—the progress of man to *Eternity!* M.

THE FOREST FOUNDLING.

From the St. Andrews Standard.

Averse, as we are, to the practice of seizing on any little local incident, and rendering it the subject of embellished detail, yet we occasionally hear of occurrences so touching and pathetic in their natures as to awaken our sympathies, and interest us in their narration. Of such a nature is that which we now present to the reader.

Mr. Charles Bearghan left the northeast part of this province a short time ago, and took what is called the upper road from Frederickton to St. Stephens, on his way to the United States. On the 5th of August, he passed the thriving village at Hartt's Mills on the Rushagonis very early in the morning, and expected to reach Trew's tavern, at the Pokanagan, by night. Properly equipped for the woods, furnished with suitable provisions, his blanket, his axe slung behind, and his gun on his shoulder, he trudged gaily along until he arrived at Shin creek, which is unbridged, and was at that time much swollen with late rains. A woodman seldom hesitates at such obstacles; he proceeded up the bank of the stream and set about felling a tree across it, to serve as a temporary bridge; it swung aside in falling, and launching into deep water, it moved away majestically down the stream. Our traveller "looked and looked, and wist not what to do." He was not inclined to resume the axe, and therefore resolved to proceed up the stream, in hopes to find a favorable place for crossing. At length he arrived at one of those placid looking pools which form deep stretches in our rivers, and are generally termed still water places. Here he made a kind of raft sufficient to bear up his clothes and gun, and keep them dry, while he swam over and drew them after him. He was soon busily engaged in re-habiting his limbs, and refreshing himself with a bit of biscuit, seated on the flowery margin of a natural meadow which extended along the banks of the stream, when his ear was startled by a whining noise resembling the sounds frequently uttered by young bears. He instantly seized his gun, examined the touch hole and reprimed; then clapping a ball into the barrel,

"with look intent,
An eye and ear attentive bent,"

he cautiously stole toward the spot whence the sounds issued. They were no longer uttered, but he now and then heard a crackling noise among the underbrush, and perceived a twitching motion of the twigs and spray, but could not discover what caused them. Convinced, however, that he had some animal to encounter, his gun was at his shoulder and his finger on the trigger. He then silently reasoned with himself whether or not he should fire at random, but experience cautioned him against so rash an action, for no animal is so furious as a wounded bear. As thus he mused, his eyes became suddenly dilated, his heart throbbed violently, he raised himself erect, and let the butt of his gun drop quickly to the ground! Behold! among the raspberry bushes—and seen through the interstices of their many twinkling leaves of dewy green—he sees a beautiful infantile arm fitfully stretched out, and little taper fingers plucking the rich, ripe crimson fruit.

After he had experienced the first flush of the mingled emotions of surprise at the extraordinary sight—of horror at the bare idea of his gun and his intended act—and of pleasure in the expectation of meeting society in these deep and solemn solitudes, our traveller advanced and beheld a little girl about seven years old, sedulously engaged in pulling and eating of the abundant wild berries which were spread in great variety over that naturally rich and verdant spot. She appeared to be an interesting child; her clothes had a respectable look, albeit they were most wofully rent and worn, her fair hair played in disordered ringlets over her cheek, which was begrimmed and pale, and her soft blue eyes were red with weeping. She burst out into wild hysteric wailings which sunk suddenly into convulsive sobs.

The traveller was lost in utter amazement, and *hemmed aloud*, to attract the child's attention. Alarmed, in her turn, at his appearance, half habited as he was, she screamed—fled a few steps—fell, and covered her face with her hands. He was quickly by her side, and used the kindest and most soothing expressions to gain her confidence and calm her fears. She had fallen more from bodily weakness than from fear, although she had been greatly alarmed at the unexpected appearance of the stranger. At length she ventured to look up, and with a sweet but languid smile, said slowly and faintly, "O now—I am sure you won't hurt me—O I am very sure you will not kill me." "Kill you! God forbid!" was the full-hearted reply. "O, I'm very tired—I've been very, very hungry, but I got plenty raspberries here—I only eat the goody ones; I never take them as have the spiders on 'em: mother bid me not to." "Where is your mother, my dear child?" eagerly inquired the traveller, and he was answered in great simplicity, "She is at home, sir, I guess—but ma'm don't know where I be—I can't find out the way home ever so long." "What! my child, have you strayed and are lost? Come to that flowery knoll with me—God has sent me to preserve your life—come, and I will give you some nice biscuit and a bit of meat—you are weak and worn, but I will take care of you." The poor innocent's soul burst forth in a flood of grateful tears, not attended with that hysteric affection which she had lately suffered. She derived great relief from weeping, and prepared to follow her new benefactor, but the excitement she had just experienced, acting on her sensitive, delicate, and exhausted frame, had shaken every nerve and completely prostrated her strength. She was unable to walk, but the kind and generous Bearghan carried her to the bank of the river where he had left his little store, and judiciously regaled her with spare and gradual portions of food.

As soon as she was moderately refreshed her artless answers to his inquiries informed him that her name was Lydia Harper; her parents live near Hartt's mills, she had been sent with dinner to her father, who was making shingles a little way in the woods, but missed the right track, got bewildered and wandered astray. "When I knew I was lost," she said, "O, I was very frightened—I screamed and ran about, and threw away father's dinner." It appears that she walked the first night until she sunk down nearly stupified with fatigue. The traveller asked if she was not afraid when it grew dark and she was all alone and lost in the woods; to which she replied, "I was a kind of frightened all the time, but when I lay down, I said my prayers that ma'm learnt me, and then I wa'nt frightened." "Do you remember the prayer." "O, I do sir, it is:

"'I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest, for it is thou, Lord, only, that makest me to dwell in safety; and into thy hands I commend my spirit, my soul, and my body, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth! *Amen.*'"

Mr. Bearghan next began to consider how the child was to be brought along. He was sixteen miles past her father's, and his business would not allow him to return; he was about twelve miles from Trew's, and no house between. The child was unable to walk; he rigged out a contrivance by means of his blanket, and carried her forward on his back. The delightful consciousness of performing a good action buoyed up his spirits, and nerved his frame, and he beguiled the rigor of his laborious task by the prattle of his little foundling, who had now become more sprightly and free.

As he journeyed along he inquired if she had seen any wild beasts in the woods, and she answered, "No, I did'nt—only once—two black dogs were coming to me—they were not not Mr. Burpe's dogs—they stopt, and one stood up on his hind feet—they did'nt bark, but runned away again." Our traveller smiled at the child's simplicity, while she continued to say, "O, sir, last night—O, when I awoke in the middle of the night, O, how glad I was!—I thought I was close to home, for I heard the cattle trampling about me. I could'nt see nothing, none of them had still; O, I was glad and my heart was beating and beating—I lay very still to listen, and so I just dropped away asleep again—was'nt it a pity—they were all gone in the morning." "Providence seems to have defended you in an especial manner, my child, against hidden dangers and death," said the traveller.

Having carried his helpless charge until daylight was gone, his fatigue was increased by the difficulty of walking on an almost trackless road in the dark, and the moon did not rise until near ten o'clock. At length he arrived at a deserted log hut within two miles of Trew's, and being almost exhausted, he determined to make a short stoppage to recruit. Here he thought to leave the child, wrapped in his blanket, while he should hurry on, and send back immediate relief. He struck a light, partook of some refreshments with her, but found great difficulty in getting her to consent to remain behind. After he had prepared a pretty comfortable bed for her, and placed her snugly in it, he sat down to watch until she should fall asleep. The moon had just risen, and before he started, he gently approached the child to find if she was perfectly composed; he held the light toward her; she opened her blue eyes full upon him; she averted her head, and sobbed. "No," exclaimed the traveller, "by all that's sacred, I swear, I will not leave you behind!" He forthwith slung his axe and gun, resumed his former equipment, raised little Lydia from her lonely couch, and carried her safely to the long looked for house of entertainment. Although it was quite late, Capt. Josiah Trew was easily aroused to admit the toil worn traveller and his little companion, who now stood beside him at the threshhold; for something told him that it was more seemly that she could walk than be carried into the house. He had also tied a handkerchief under her chin, in the fashion of the gipsy head-dress.

They were soon placed by a comfortable fire in a good house, well stored, and blessed with a hearty and hospitable landlord. The females, as is the custom of the country, were speedily afoot and busy preparing the required repast. We fancy we can see the mirth-lit countenance of facetious Josiah, beaming with downright exultation as he issued his multifarious orders for every viand the house could afford to comfort the wearied travellers. We can also fancy that we see his features o'erclouded and his eye glistening with genuine feeling as he related that the whole country side had been up and in search of a child lost in the woods; that parties had gone in all directions, but unhappily without success, and that one of the people deeply distressed on the occasion, was now in the house. Our traveller immediately exclaimed that Providence had made him the happy instrument of recovering that lost child, who now sat before them. Every one flew round the little girl, examined and fondled her, and vented exclamations of amazement and satisfaction. During this sudden bustle, a person from the adjoining chamber rushed wildly in among the company, snatched the hand of little Lydia, gazed on her for a moment, then clasped her to his bosom. It was her father!

What a scene was here! What an overflowing of the finest feelings which adorn humanity! What a giddying interchange of those pure affections which spring from sincerity and truth! But what tongue can tell, what pen portray the varied emotions which fleeted in rapid succession through the minds of the painfully happy group? The half frantic joy and gratitude of the parent—the wondering fits of delight of the enfeebled little sufferer—the conscious self-satisfaction of the deliverer—the officious but sincere gratulations of the excited inmates—must all be estimated by the susceptibility of the reader.

The beautiful train of circumstances which Providence employed in this affecting story is worthy of serious consideration. If the traveller had passed Hartt's mills when the people were stirring abroad; if Shin's creek had been bridged; if the tree had fallen across; if he had had no gun when he thought a bear was by—if these facts had happened, the child might have perished.

He who sustains the mighty planets in their courses and controls the motion of a particle of dust; He who rules the awful storm and sends forth the smiling sun beams, works his wise purposes in mystery to us—

"Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise."

The Language of Love.

There's a language that's mute, there's a silence that speaks,
There is something that cannot be told;
There are words that can only be read on the cheeks,
And thoughts but the eye can unfold.

There's a look so expressive, so timid, so kind,
So conscious, so quick to impart;
Though dumb, in an instant it speaks out the mind,
And strikes in a moment the heart.

This eloquent silence, this converse of Soul,
In vain we attempt to suppress;
More prompt it appears from the wish to control,
More apt the fond truth to express.

And oh! the delight in the features that shine,
The raptures the bosom that melt;
When blest with each other this converse divine,
Is mutually spoken and felt.

Advice to the Impolite.

The reader will find much amusement in the annexed article. It is a criticism on a work which has recently appeared in London, designed to teach the uninitiated the art of behaving properly in company. The writer is a wag, and his sarcastic remarks are extremely pointed and happy.

From the London Literary Gazette.

The Book of Etiquette; a Compendium of the whole Art of Politeness. 18mo. pp. 36.

Discovering this matchless tome upon the drawing-room table of a fair baroness, we could not help fancying that it must be the true code of good and fashionable manners; otherwise it could not form the study of so accomplished a person. The "whole art of Politeness," said we internally, within so small a compass, must be invaluable; and, such is the infirmity of human nature, that, not content with partial plagiarisms from it, allowable to a reviewer, we absolutely made free and borrowed the whole book!

Having thus secured the precepts of our modern Chesterfield, we hastened, at our first leisure moment, to become master of the indispensable information, which, as the title-page assured us, is "absolutely requisite *to* the formation of a complete lady and gentleman"—man and wife we presume, being conjunctively spoken of as an individual, or one flesh. Nor had we read a page before we found what a great improvement had been made since the preceding Chesterfield wrote. The march of intellect, and the spirit of the age, could not be more distinctly illustrated; and so different are the precepts, that you can hardly imagine them to pertain to the same century, country and people.

Much pondering on these things, we feel it to be our duty to do our best towards elevating our friends to the present exalted standard of elegant life. Passing by the high philosophical principles unfolded by the incomparable author in his opening pages, we come at once with this design, to his practical instructions. And first on the behaviour fitting for the dinner table, whither you are to conduct the lady with whom you have been conversing.

"In offering your arm, curve it outward, gracefully. For I once (adds the author, as a *striking* warning,) heard of a tall bony gentleman, who thrust out his elbow so suddenly (it was extremely sharp) that it hit the lady in the side, cut open her silk dress, and caused her to scream violently, fearing she had been stabbed! You see," he continues, impressing the subject, "how dangerous these angular sort of movements are!"

No doubt they are, when men are such *sharp* fellows. We would advise the unfortunate who are exposed to be conveyed to dinner by such monsters, to put on at least two pair of stays or corsets with double ribs of whalebone, as a protection. But we proceed.

"If you sit near the lady of the house, you must select an early period of the dinner at which to take wine with her. Bowing your head, you should smile blandly, and half reaching to the decanter, utter in a soft tone, 'Shall I have the pleasure, ———?'"

Nothing can be more *insinuating*, and we are quite prepared for the consequences.

"She will bow politely in return; when you must about half fill her glass, and then your own; you then make another very slight obeisance before taking the glass to your lips."

Upon part of this advice we shall only notice, that it differs from that of another uncommonly clever and genteel writer, who says, you ought never to fill a lady's glass only half full, but invariably a bumper, because, says he, if she wants a whole glass she can have it, and if she wants only a half a glass, says he, she can leave it; which reasoning doth appear to be consistent with the fact.

"Silver forks," we are informed, "are now common at every respectable table; and for my part, I cannot see how it is possible to eat a dinner comfortably without them. The fingers are the natural forks, and the best—but they are not fashionable." What a pity! "And next to them is the capacious fork of silver.—You should *divide* your *viands*, and then use the fork exclusively, holding in the left hand a pellet of bread close to the plate, as a sort of assistant. Always use the napkin before drinking wine; and if you are intent upon the latter with the lady opposite you, desire the gentleman next her with simply, 'May I trouble you?'—to fill her glass."

If there are no napkins, perhaps it would be proper, "always before drinking wine," to use the table cloth, or, if the lady nearest you wear one of those inconvenient gigot sleeves, which keep flapping in your face, it might not be amiss to give your mouth a sly wipe or two with that. *Verbum sat.*

Then as one good turn deserves another,—"When the dessert appears, you may make an offer to the lady of the various kinds of fruit. You should crack the nuts for her, and deposit the kernels on her plate."—[Keeping the shells we suppose for your trouble:] and "oranges should be peeled, and then cut in slices extremely thin, and powdered over with white sugar."—Because "it is impossible for a lady to eat an orange [illegible] the juice over her dress and into other people's eyes—and staining her delicate skin the color of a frog's!"

Pray attend to this for the sake of your own eyes, if not for the sake of the lady's mouth, dress, or skin. You may take our word for it, that acid orange-juice is a monstrous disagreeable eye-water, even though squirted at you from sweet lips.

On behaviour at the tea-table, our Mentor is equally instructive.

"Halt the company generally consists of ladies, full of smiles! how delightful! Now you must be on the *qui vive*, my young friend, to supply the ladies with muffin, crumpet, toast, or bread-and-butter, by handing these delicacies round to them, (unless there be a servant in the room, waiting upon the company.)—Also, you must keep a sharp eye upon the cups, and the moment they are empty, convey them to the table. N. B. Mention the name of the lady as you put her tea-cup and saucer down; and say (to the presiding lady) whether she will take more tea or not."

Having thus far got through our visiting devoirs with credit to yourself, another important occasion is about to occur, on which it is expedient to be excessively careful.

"Music very often comes after tea, when you must be ready to turn over the leaves of the music-book. You must do this without scrubbing your coat against the lady's cheek—knocking out her combs—smashing the candles—or cutting her finger ends off, by leaning on the lid of the piano, and forcing it down with a crash!"

In the latter case, it is evident that you would render it extremely inconvenient to the lady to play any more, since it has ever been observed that musicians without tips to their fingers, have by no means that fine touch which is so essential to melody. "You smile," adds our authority, "but these things are often done, nevertheless." It has not happened where we have been, to be sure, but we see no cause for doubting the assertion of so respectable and refined a person; and we dare believe he has witnessed four or five hundred sets of fingers so demolished; the ten digits tipped as though they were nine-pins.—Again:

"If you take part in a duet, be sure your voice is in order; for I have known a whole company afflicted by a pain in the stomach, through some screech-owl of a fellow pretending to sing!"

The danger in these cholera times, is greatly increased; and every man of compassion will guardedly abstain from falling into this afflicting error. Consider the condition of a whole company rendered uneasy at the same time from the same cause!—reflect on the consequences that might ensue, and do "moderate the rancour of your tongue." Screech-owls, unquestionably, love to hear themselves screech; but we never met with any one, however fond of music, who preferred them to the thrush or nightingale. Besides, they produce a bad nocturnal effect, upon the nerves of sick or delicate people; and in the very select and fastidious society for whose sphere alone the Book of Etiquette can be intended, there may be invalids of both classes—the very poorly, and very affected.

The ball-room comes in its turn to be described, and the conduct becoming in those who frequent it is clearly pointed out as if it were done with the toe in a pirouette.

"A ball-room should exhibit the *ne plus ultra* of elegance and fashionable ease! The least deviation from grace—the least want of polite attention—is there remarked, and laid open to ridicule. I cannot therefore do better than to recommend you to pay the most implicit regard to your dancing master; and I also advise you to attend his public balls."

The author mentions a particular friend of his in this line, who, he tells us, is a very Apollo for the elegancies, and he adds:

"For want of such advantages as he offers, I have known young men tumble about like pigs let loose—kicking the ladies' shins; treading on their toes, tearing their dresses, &c.! Really it is shocking to think that people will dare to dance (dance, forsooth!) in a quadrille under such circumstances."

This is, indeed, very shocking, and ought to be reformed altogether: but there are other things almost as bad.

"How many people," observes our *arbiter elegantiarum*, "in other respects extremely amiable, have certain unaccountable habits! Some are perpetually hitching up their clothes (this is not in the ladies' chapter particularly;) others have a kind of a snort, like a young elephant; and others, again, 'make faces,' as if for a wager!—all very, *very* bad habits. Putting the feet upon the fender, is an offence not to be tolerated; clumsily knocking down the fire irons is another; as, also, is blowing the nose hard without turning the head away. Keeping your thumb and finger for any length of time in another person's snuff box, is highly improper. As to seizing any one by the button hole, that is now exploded; I would as soon that a person seized me by the nose."

This, we think (and we venture the remark with profound deference,) is going a *leetle* too far. The nose is a delicate and sensitive member to be handled; and no man except a barber, can be allowed to poll it with impunity;—at least that is the doctrine which has been held by a considerable number of persons accustomed to wear their own noses; and indeed, even taliacotians might be expected to object to have that rudely assailed when transplanted, which they would not suffer to be kicked in its original, though lower, situation.

In respect to conversation, the author is, on the other hand, unusually clear and intelligent.

As a general rule, it is well not to interrupt those who are talking to you. * There are some, who when they hear a wrongly pronounced, immediately set the person right; this is very faulty. * In the present day are much in vogue. I am extremely sorry I think them only fit for the patterer of a Yankee. They are Goths, that overrun the empire of conversation to lay it in ruins! [Why call them Goths? would have been nearer the mark.] * * to small-talk, I am happy to say it is now-a-days in utter disrepute. What is it but another name for twaddle? * * I will conclude this easy subject by enjoining you to pay an unswerving attention to the persons who address you, and to look in the face, not staringly, but with earnestness.

The ensuing chapter is rather a ticklish one; but our author has great. It is "Advice to young ladies on the art of pleasing,"—as if young ladies could help pleasing! natural is strongly recommended; and whist is as strenuously condemned. Young ladies ought not to play at whist or chess; but, if they like, a game, or a hit at backgammon, these are "table." They ought not to sit 'looping' upon them; and "cleanliness is declared to be positive, but on levee days, the appearance of such as observe these excellent rules fills the author with too sweet."

"I cannot (he exclaims) describe their appearance, crowding on the staircase before named, than by supposing the presence of a million of humming-birds. Their is indescribably heightened by their being seen through high balustrades, now appearing and vanishing, like so many *peris!* The *hoop* is laid aside, which I am sorry for, as, after all, it was a beautiful relic of the olden time. To see a charming lady *rise above hoop*, was the prettiest sight in the world; it looked like a gilded barricade containing an angel."

Dear angels! we invoke, come with a hoop; behave yourselves as instructed by this consummate master of the whole art of politeness, and be our birds of paradise, compared which, all the humming birds in the world are humbugs.

A DUEL AT DOMINGO.

Some years previous to negro insurrection at St. Domingo, aided and seconded by England, in hatred for the succours which France had supplied N. England with during the war of independence, this fine French Colony was at the summit of grandeur and prosperity. Culture and industry had amassed for it more gold than its mines could furnish to the avaricious Spaniards; this gold was in active circulation, and with it advanced luxury and the superfluities of pleasures. Beneath the burning sky of the tropic, passions naturally warm, became inflamed and ungovernable, when wealth, which alone is able to generate them, comes and offers incentives.

At the period of which I have to speak, 1788, the passion which predominated amongst the rich inhabitants of St. Domingo was that of gaming. But those games where calculation or address equalized the chances of fortune could not suffice them for their love of play: there must needs be some of those games where chance should govern every combination of the mind, at those games where heaps of gold mount upon the table, where a throw of the die would stagger a fortune, or in like manner accumulate an enormous sum. It was dice in fact that the gamesters sought for feelings capable of stimulating their dull senses, and it was not unusual to see a whole plantation, a cargo of negroes, cast as a stake upon the fatal board. They would throw upon the table some dozen dice, mix them, and the player would pick up at hazard with his dice six three by which he would learn his fate.

Well, then, in 1788, (trusting to my memory) there served in capacity of captain, in the regiment of Port-au-Prince, the son of a rich sugar merchant belonging to the colony. Captain Severy numbered twenty-five or six years, and in addition to being placed at the head of a large fortune, had, by inclination, embraced the military profession. None could rival his address at small sword, none surpass his dexterity at pistol; at once, brave even to rashness, he did not disabuse his fatal skill, and in general could make good sport of those who dared to measure with him; he was boasting even to insolence, but scarcely among his numerous duels received any scratches, and had already left a long track of blood in society. Still he possessed good qualities. Severy was more dreaded than beloved; for his frankness, his sense of right, could not restrain his fatal *penchant* for duelling. It is necessary to add, that he was a gamester!

One evening in a public house, a place of resort for the gamblers of Port-au-Prince, the inmates were amusing themselves at *gourdailler* till the society was sufficiently numerous to animate the play. In these gaming receptacles they style *gourdailler*, simply playing *gourdes* (collars,) which was, in their slang phrase, throwing some balls till the party is brighter. [illegible] colony, entered at this moment into the gambling room. In passing a table where they were playing, he gave a look, and perceived some pieces of money before the players.

"Who makes up the game?" cried a voice.

"I," replied the captain, (whose name has escaped me.) He then came and carelessly threw a dice, then turned away to a sideboard to finish his glass of lemonade; meanwhile, the gamblers continued the play.

"Commandant, you have won," exclaimed Severy, who was one of the players; pick up the stakes;" and he pushed towards his fortunate adversary several heaps of gold.

At the sight of this immense sum, the French officer, who fancied but to have risked a few dollars, recoiled in amazement, then pushing back the tray of gold which was presented him: "I should believe myself wanting in delicacy, were I to appropriate that sum as having lawfully gained it. 'Tis but right to tell you, gentlemen, that in making up the game, I thought to have risked but the moderate sum which I had perceived upon the table. I neither wish, nor ought to regard that gold as my own."

"Take it, Sir," says Captain Severy. "You have as much right to it as you would have had to pay, had you lost."

"You deceive yourself, if you imagine that I should not have believed my honor stained in refusing to acquit a debt which I had not contracted, and consequently I should stain it by appropriating a sum I had not gained."

"You would have paid, Mr. Commandant," returned Severy, elevating his voice and laying stress upon the words: "You would have paid. 'Tis I who tell you."

There was in the language, and still more in the Captain's tone, an air of provocation which did not escape the marine officer. He likewise retorted in a bitter tone, and it was soon too late, when the friends of the two gamesters were willing to interfere, to prevent an awkward result. Each of the parties considered himself so grossly insulted that any medium to their respective wrongs became impossible, and a duel inevitable.

"Sir," says Severy to his opponent, "not wishing to have over you the advantage which every body knows my address at the sword and pistol would give me, I ought to offer you more equal terms. Let a loaded pistol be brought here immediately, a throw of the die, shall decide which of us shall blow out the brains of the other."

"Agreed."

A thrill of horror pervaded them all; some took themselves off, trembling, not wishing to be witness of the bloody drama which was in preparation; others, animated with the feeling of brutal curiosity, formed a close circle around the gamesters, who seated in face of each other, and separated by a table four feet wide, were watching the preliminaries of the duel. Meantime a third person loaded the fatal weapon in presence of Severy and the French officer, a deadly silence reigned throughout the assembly, and the calm was unbroken save by some words devoid of spleen, exchanged between the adversaries, who alone appeared to have retained their *sang froid* during this tragical moment.

As soon as the pistol was ready, the parties took it and examined if all was right, then laying it down upon the table, where two hands full of dice were scattered, each took up three with his dice-box. It was decided that the French officer should have the first throw. He then shakes with a firm hand the box which might render or deprive him of the breath of life, he throws the dice, which the eager looks of the dumb circle closely follow.

"Eleven!"

"'Tis good play, Commandant," spoke Severy, suspending his throw of the dice; "the chances are for you. Hear me: if the hazard favors you, as it seems to promise, no pity nor mercy for me, for here I declare, upon my honor, you need not expect it from me, should I have a finer play than you. I hold him a coward, the one of us two, who shall spare the other."

"Play, sir, I don't stand in need of your impertinent advice to inform me what I have to do."

Severy, with an ironical smile on his lips, tosses the three ivory cubes, which, after describing three slightly diverging rays, stop, and show fifteen at pair-royal.

Immediately the circle widens, quitting the side of the French officer, who, finding himself alone in front of his enemy, in a measure favored, rises, and assumes the firm attitude of a brave man.

"Your life is my property, sir," says Severy, throwing down the dice box, and seizing the pistol; "recommend your soul to God."

"Well, sir, fire, then," replies the commandant, laying his hand upon his heart—"fire! an honest man is at all times ready to die!"

He had not time to finish. The ball of Severy had shattered his skull, and dispersed his brains amongst the curious gazers, frozen with horror.

After this shocking duel, where, in general opinion, all blame was attached to Severy, that officer, already dreaded by his companions, impressed them still more with a strong feeling of repugnance. Assiduously avoided by every one of good repute, he returned to his fellow citizens, hate for hate—disdain for disdain; and when the insurrection broke out at St. Domingo, he joined the enemies' ranks, when he fought in command under orders of the English general, Maitland. There he showed proofs, more than once, not only of extreme bravery, but of great skill in stratagem. It was to him that the insurgents owe nearly all their success up to the last engagement near Tiburon, where he was killed by a ball in the side, at the moment when victory had declared for him. J. G. W.

From the Casket.

A Father's Lament for his First Born.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE.

She's gone! that lovely flower, which late so fond I prest,
And that young heart that beat so quick hath hushed itself to rest;
And as the rolling billow, that dies along the shore,
Makes a low soul-touching moan, and then is heard no more;
My little pearl her gazed awhile upon the earth and sigh'd,
Then closed her azure lids o'er her soft blue eyes, and died.

Farewell, my little charmer! farewell, my Mary dear!
Oft from thy father's eye shall fall the agonizing tear;
When mem'ry from her treasury brings each feature fond to view;
The coral lip, the rosy cheek, the eye of melting blue,
When fancy shall the ear with touching music fill,
Of that loved voice, oh! how the soul with anguish keen will thrill.

'Tis said that kindred spirits, watch over those on earth they love,
And art thou, dearest Mary, looking from thy home above,
O'er the pathway of thy father, as he wends him to thy grave,
Where night-winds whisper solemnly, and weeping willows wave?

Oh! couldst thou leave thy happy home, beyond those star-lit skies,
Or could I take an angel's wing, and to those regions rise,
That I might clasp my child once more, and give a parent's kiss,
A calm would o'er my spirit steal, and grief would yield to bliss.

It cannot be! it cannot be, thou never wilt return,
Nor can my clay-clogg'd spirit rise, to where those pale lights burn:
But at thy little tomb I'll watch, 'till each star fades away—
Night! thou shalt witness all my grief, too sacred 'twere for day.

Notes on Periodicals.

This is the true millenium of the printers. Oh! that those typographical heroes of the fifteenth century, Faust, Guttenberg, and Peter Schoeffer, could burst the marble monuments in which they are enshrined, and just take a peep at one of our steam-engines, which deliver to Fame, or to the cheesemongers, as many sheets in an hour as they, with infinite labour, though with ingenuity laudable for such an age, brought forth in a month! Doubtless every department of the press will henceforth be subjected to the same law of periodicity, which prevails throughout every region of the heavens. The earth is at once an annual, laden with all the accumulated treasures of the year; a Quarterly Review, delighting us with the varieties of each succeeding season; and a Daily Newspaper, teeming with new events which keep us, its readers, in a state of constant excitement. The moon, what is it but a perpetual "New Monthly Magazine?" In the highest firmament of the skies, we hear of systems which require for their periodical completion some five hundred years. What prodigious periodicals the people in those remote planets must possess! Their weeks must be longer than our years, their hours than our days. "Paradise Lost" they would look upon as a trifle. It would scarcely fill the space which they dedicate to the "Poet's Corner." As for this article, upon which we are at present engaged for the edification of our much-beloved readers, whoever they may be, we fear that it would be scarcely perceptible in a page of the "New Monthly" which illuminates and exalts the good folk who bask in the rays of Bellatrix or Betelgeux. Heaven defend us from being appointed, some fine morning, for our sins, editor of the Times, in the head of the Ram, or the tail of the Great Bear!

Indeed, [illegible] pen at present to belong. Behold us obliged,—the thing is so cheap we cannot help it,—to take in, or be taken in by, "Johnson's Dictionary," converted into a neat periodical. For the same irresistible reason we renew our acquaintance every Saturday with the beauties of "Guthrie's Gazetteer," and the pleasantries of that Grammar, which goes under the renowned name of Lindley Murray. We next turn with enthusiasm to four pages of law; made easy to the most obtuse mind, and beguiling to the most phlegmatic. Astronomy comes before us, clothed in the garb of romance; and History looks so gay with all her embellishments, that we hand out our penny for her with rapture. We have already become perfect geologists for the sum of three-pence; and for a groat we received in exchange such a degree of enlightenment in the mysteries of anatomy, that we hereby undertake to kill any man in such a really agreeable and expeditious way, that he shall know nothing at all of the process. To determined suicides we shall be found invaluable, and we take the liberty to recommend ourselves to their attention. Paganini spent fourteen years and all his fortune in learning to play on *one* string. We played excellently on *four*, in two weeks, by the aid of the "Musical Magazine," for which we paid the sum of three halfpence. We may say, without vanity, that we shine in botany, divinity, zoology and horticulture, having made ourselves perfect masters in these branches of useful knowledge, at the rate of two-pence halfpenny per branch. In short, we expect that, before Christmas, we shall be, in our proper person, a complete animated Encyclopedia, at the sum total expense of half a crown. When the holidays come, however, we shall repay our poor soul for the heavy burdens which we at present hebdomadally impose upon it. We are all Minerva now,—then we shall be Bacchus.

Look at the illustrations, their perfections, their brilliancy, the number of them that we can buy for a trifle! Portraits, landscapes, still life, dogs, horses, game, Landseer, Turner, Martin, Cruikshank, all you may have almost for nothing. Montgomery the Second is gone to Pandemonium to collect materials for landscapes, which he has undertaken to describe in a most tremendous poem. The ever-to-be-lamented Rosa Matilda is already awakened from her tomb, for the purpose of lending her never-to-be forgotten verses to the prints of Charles Tilt. We are soon to have not only a new edition of Robert Burns, but charming sketches of every individual whiskey-house which he honoured by getting particularly drunk therein. The Findens threaten to make even Crabbe popular.

What is to become of all the paper which is now in constant process of typo-impressment? What are we to do with it? Where is it to find room in some half-dozen years? We observe, indeed, more than one Encyclopedia in progress, which is likely to be concluded about the year of our Lord 2000. As we do not intend to live so long as that, we leave the said Encyclopedia to shift for itself. But, mercy on us, how are we to dispose of the "National Library!" Here is a collection "intended to place *all* the most useful, instructive, moral, and entertaining works, comprising the standard literature of almost *all* countries, within the means of *all* families in the three kingdoms!" We are kindly informed, lest our natural feelings should be alarmed at the prospect of paying for such a number of books, still more of perusing them, that all this is to be accomplished "without taxing *too* heavily, at one and the same time, either the pocket or the head of the reader." Infinite are the obligations of the happy subscriber to the editors, for thus dividing the inflictions which they are resolved to heap upon his devoted head. After being nicely wrecked on the rocks of Scylla, most comfortably swallowed up in the whirlpool of Charybdis.

It is not long since we came home one day from the Bank with our dividends in one pocket, and about a hundred weekly journals in the other, which we purchased in the fragrant purlieus of Fetter Lane. We were seduced by the show which they made, all embellished with cuts as they were, in a shop window. There shone "The Cab," price one halfpenny, addressed to gentlemen of aspiring notions, but limited means; and offering them, in return for a small annual subscription, not only the Cab itself, but the occasional use of a chariot, with horses quiet to drive, ride, or run in tandem, and also the loan of boxes at Covent Garden and the Opera, as well as ladies of the fashion, only for the purpose of gracing the said boxes by their appearance. They were to present themselves *moustaches a la porcupine*, to talk loud during the opera or the play, to smell of cigar, and to take snuff in abundance. It was necessary of their periodical felicity that they should, in all externals, be men of *ton*, whatever their previous habits might have been in the mystery of picking pockets. "The Halfpenny Magazine" had already, by some accident, arrived at a seventh number, a fatal one, we fear, for the editors were fain to confess. "We have no *cut* this time." "The Halfpenny Library" had the singular merit of manufacturing a new adage out of an old one. There is an ancient saying, "Truth lies in a well." "May not the modern adage," quoth the said Library, "run thus, 'The most certain charity is at a pump?'" "The Magnet," after admiting candidly that periodicals had increased beyond the possibility of purchase, or perusal, had the courage to add to the number, and the conscience to promise that it would print the essence of the whole in its own pages. "The Squib" threatened to blow up all its rivals. Forgetting that it was itself of inflammable materials, it became the first victim of its own temerity. "The Sunday Chronicle" came to proclaim the comfortable doctrine that all the world was mad, and that, as things went, Miss Baxter would have made a capital *Lord* Mayor. The editor gave demonstrative proof of his own wisdom, by departing spontaneously from such a world almost as soon as he came into it. Among the prescriptions of "The Doctor" and "The Penny Lancet," we looked in vain for a remedy capable of being administered to a young periodical diseased. We never beheld two medical practitioners, who stood more in need of assistance from their own "damnable compounds." "The Tourist" had pledged itself to travel from Wellington Street, in the Strand all over the civilized and savage world. After crossing over Waterloo Bridge, and disporting himself amid the pleasant retreats of Lambeth, he returned by Blackfriars to the place of Wellington once more, where we found him ruminating in the following penitential strain:—"Human hopes are frequently falsified by experience. No sooner are they submitted to an infallible criterion, than they have been proved defective and illusory:—the offspring of self-conceit, or of partial knowledge. We are free to acknowledge that we have failed to realize our own expectations." "Rude Boreas" Dibdin! What is it really Tom? It is in truth, the same concoctor of immortal songs, pouring with all his might, the tones of a heart still buoyant after every vicissitude, through a "Penny Trumpet," in the character of one Doctor Blow. Alas! poor Tom!—he was soon destined to realize the converse of a story, which he himself tells of Schmidt, one of the late King's band. The German, having been once asked to sustain a note of forty minims' duration, replied, "You may find ears, but who the devil is to find *windt?*" Dibdin was copious in wind, but, after essaying a few blasts, he found an appalling deficiency of ears.

Peace be to the shades of the many "Gleaners," "Spies," "Investigators," "Scrap-books," "Caskets," "Correctors," "Schoolmasters," "Guardians," and "Devils," which we have consigned to the tender mercies of our *scoul*, in order to save the expense of wood for the ignition of our fires. We were about to add to them a whole volume of the "Crisis," when the ghost of Robert Owen, its patron, stared us in the face, mildly reproving us for our consummate ignorance of the disorders which prevail throughout all classes of society, and for which he, Robert, believes that he has discovered a most effectual remedy. The "Crisis" is, it seems, intended to prepare the way for the new terrestial Paradise, which he has been labouring for many years to create. Having been quietly bowed out of the factory at New Lanark, where he had been for some time managing clerk, but where he had contrived, by his inspirations, to introduce most admired confusion, he came to London to dissipate his chagrin, and diffuse his principles. But here he toiled in vain. He found no associates to assist him in the scheme of rendering property common, in order that he might come in for a commodity of which he happened then, as he happens still, to be rather in need. He next, like many other speculators who have been sadly disappointed at home, turned his eyes towards America, and, having purchased a dim forest in the back settlements, for a few dollars, he 'yclept it, "New Harmony." But old Discord was too [illegible] once more, on fresh speculations, to this Babylon. He took up his residence near the pastoral glades of Burton-crescent, put up a brick and composition portico to a little, low house, which he called "The Institution for the removal of Ignorance, and the regeneration of the World." Here he preached and lectured, gaining a few shillings now and then, by way of admission money, and informing his slender audience that he was charged with an express mission (from whom or whence we never could learn) for the purpose of turning the whole fabric of society exactly upside down.

It has been our good fortune to meet with him sometimes in our nocturnal perambulations.—Strange to say, if it rained, he held an umbrella over his head like any common mortal. Nay, more, we have actually seen this great reformer of our bad habits eating beef, and drinking bottled beer!—although he is indisputably (according to his disciples) the identical person referred to by the sybils of yore, the long-expected of nations, at whose birth

"Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo:
Jam redit et virgo, redeunt saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto."

With him the age of iron is to cease, that of pure gold to begin. Every trace of ancient sin and sorrow is to disappear at his command from earth. The lion shall gambol with the lamb, and every field shall spontaneously grow yellow with golden harvests. There will be no necessity for public worship, as in the new order of things everybody is to pray in secret, if he have any disposition that way. If not, he can judge or whistle if he like, instead of going to church, for no church there is any longer to be. The lawyers may sell their wigs and gowns, for law is come to an end. Order is to be altogether dispensed with, as a beautiful confusion is to prevail in its place. A young man shall meet a young maiden in the streets, and, without saying "A fine day, my dear," or anything else of that bashful tendency, he is straight to pop the question, "Will you marry me?" and she will! They are to live together from that moment, without further ceremony, just as long as they choose; they may separate, and their children, if any there be, are to receive maintenance from the public treasury. Here will be a glorious state of things for all the bucks of Cambridge.

"They who give themselves to the study of just and good works," says the Cumæan sybil, "and to piety and holy thoughts, shall be carried by the angels through the flaming river, into a place of light, and a life without care, where the immortal path of the great God is, and where three fountains of wine, milk, and honey flow without cessation. And the earth shall be equal to all, not divided by walls or partitions, but shall bear much fruit spontaneously, and all shall live in common, and their wealth shall be undivided; neither poor nor rich shall be there, nor tyrant, nor servant, nor one greater or less than another; no king, nor leader, all shall enjoy all things in common, and none shall say the night is come, nor to-morrow, or yesterday is past, and no care shall be for many days. There shall be no spring nor summer, no winter nor autumn, nor marriage, nor death; nor buying, nor selling; nor setting nor rising of the sun, for there shall be a long day." "This is a highly figurative description of heaven upon earth, in the usual hyperbolical style of prophecy," quoth the "Crisis," "but it is evident, when stripped in part of its mystical character, that it describes such another state of things as we propose to establish by the adoption of the new system of society."

Now observe the wonderful process by which the new system has been already, in part, carried into effect. Among the various speculations upon which Mr. Maberly, unluckily for himself, bestowed, some years ago, his time, together with a princely fortune, was an immense edifice, which he erected near the top of Gray's Inn Road, intending the lower part thereof for a horse bazaar, the upper for a mart, in which all things whatever, from a kitchen-range to a doll's eye, were to be exposed for sale. Exposed, indeed, many articles of utility and finery were upon neat stalls, peeping eagerly behind which were numbers of the prettiest faces which that quarter of the metropolis could turn out; but, by some fatality, no purchasers appeared. Indeed, who that could afford to buy even a tetotum was to guess that a bazaar existed in Gray's Inn Road? We have not, at present, the most remote idea how we ever chanced to hear of such a thing. Of course, it was soon shut up.

The time was now at hand, when the true regenerator of mankind was to step forth upon a more public stage than the small institution in Burton-place enabled him to enjoy. Having converted the landlord of the said Horse Bazaar to his principles, he prevailed upon the man to give him the use of the empty premises for nothing. He then collected together numbers of poor mechanics from the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, formed them into a society *pro bono publico*, appointed himself their father, and set about knocking into their heads his magnificent principles in a series of grave lectures. In the course of his labours, he had the good fortune to receive the most valuable assistance from Miss Macauley, a lady some time out of her teens, and not unknown to fame as an actress, a teacher of enunciation, a reader of plays and poems, a head of a new religion, in which capacity she preaches, and as an author of pamphlets upon the currency, the poor laws, agricultural distress, the Factory Bill, and a variety of other subjects, equally poetical and enchanting. She has also a horse, or rather a mule, to which is appended a little omnibus. Within the omnibus sits a lad. On the front, the back, and the sides of the machine are painted, in gigantic letters, three mystic words—"Miss Macauley's Repository." "A repository of what?" we asked the lad, for in our ignorance we deemed it a public vehicle, and flattered ourselves with the hope that it would carry us for a penny from Finsbury, where it then stood, to the rural groves of Paddington. "Sir," replied the urchin, smiling, "of Miss Macauley's pamphlets, will you buy one? you may have it for a penny." When her store of literature shall have been disposed of, it is Miss Macauley's intention to convert her shop into a Thespian cart, and to act tragedies all along the New Road.

The mirror-like serenity with which this fair associate of Mr. Owen delivered herself of the new doctrines was marvellous. The Messiah, she declared, was a very good sort of a person in his way, considering the manner in which he was brought up, and was tolerably well informed too, remembering the dark age in which he lived; but he knew nothing, or next to nothing, of the evils of society, or of the real remedies which they required. These were matters wholly unrevealed to the world until the—Owen made his debut. She was proud to be one of his most zealous disciples, and was ready, as far as she was concerned, to carry all his principles into practice. To her inventive genius the patriarch is indebted for the establishment of what are called social festivals, at which the mechanics, their wives, their sons and daughters, together with a galaxy of beauties from the virtuous precincts of Shire-lane, assemble periodically, and sing, and dance, and take tea, and enter into those temporary engagements which are to form the principal felicity of the new system.

So much for the instruction and amusement of the disciples—and thus far they go in common with the St. Simonians of France, who have recently despatched missionaries to this country, in order to assist in the propagation of the doctrine. But the practical remedy for the real evil of society, that is to say, for the poverty of the lower orders—the secret hitherto unknown to all men save Robert Owen—stands disclosed in the most admirable invention of modern times, the "Equitable Labour Exchange." Through the instrumentality of this institution, the labour of the industrious is constantly converted into gold. Knowledge is power. Give the ignorant education, and they will therefore be the rulers of the country. Labour is wealth. Let the poor labour, and they must in consequence become the proprietors of all the land and money in the empire. This is the logic of these grand reformers. But how are syllogisms to be transformed into loaves and roast beef? That is the question. We shall see.

There was an abundance of room to spare, as we have already mentioned, in the bazaar in Gray's Inn Road. Thither the distressed shoemaker was invited by the patriarch to send such part of his stock as lay upon his hands. To the same receptable the cabinet-maker was advised to commit his tables and chairs, the hatter his hats, the cooper his tubs, the nailer his nails, the tinman his pans, the musical-instrument maker his fiddles, and flutes, and tambourines, the toyman his dolls, the milliner her caps, the baker his bread, the butcher his meat, the market gardener his vegetables. Upon such of these articles as were transmitted to the bazaar, [illegible] according to the proportion of labour supposed to have been bestowed upon the production of them; and that labour was estimated, in every case, at sixpence per hour. Thus a table or a dog collar, for instance, was valued at twenty hours; and to the owner thereof, a nicely printed slip of paper, resembling a country bank-note, was given, stating the number of hours at which his deposite was estimated. This note he had then an opportunity of presenting to one of the attendants behind the counter of the bazaar, and from that officer he was entitled to receive any other article then in store, which was valued at the same amount. Unfortunately, however, nobody could get exactly the thing he wanted. The nailer presented his note for some coals; but there were none, as yet, in the bazaar. An umbrella or a fife was very much at his service; but he needed not the one, and had neither time nor disposition to play on the other. The weaver who had deposited a piece of cloth, the labour of a whole week, required some bread. But the bakers were not yet disciples of the new system, would he have any objection to a tambourine? The cabinet-maker, who had placed in the store a capital chest of drawers, looked forward with considerable glee to a series of legs of mutton. But when he was told that the butchers had not yet become Owenites, and that the market-gardeners continued incredulous, when he looked round and discovered that he could only obtain in exchange for his said chest, a flute or an old coat, or some dozen of list shoes, or half a ton of dog-collars, or a case of dried beetles, or a picture of a shipwreck, or necklaces, or merry-andrews, or some pile of Miss Macauley's pamphlets, he naturally enough kicked up a *row*. Complaint became contagious among the disciples, riot the order of the day, and the Bazaar the scene of tumult which demanded the interposition of the police. The plain sense of Clerkenwell revolted at the gross imposture of the new Messiah, the Bazaar was shut up once more, and the precious institution was transferred to the West End. Thus the rogue, who is detected in the city, puts on a new coat and renews his enterprizes in Portman-square. The "Crisis" is still the organ of the gang, assisted by "The Destructive," "The Pioneer," and several other periodical publications, which, though unstamped, comprise all the ordinary topics of newspapers, and are attaining a wide circulation amongst the industrious orders of our population. There is a rude energy in their style, added to a profligate dereliction of morality in their principles, which renders them acceptable to all the discontented men in the country—a numerous as well as an active race of idle libertines, who, having neither character nor property to lose, are fervently looking forward to new revolutions, by which they hope, if they cannot ameliorate their condition, to reduce the happier orders of society to the level of their own wretchedness. C. B.

From the New York American.

THE HEBREW REQUIEM.

"They made a funeral oration at the grave, after which they prayed, then turning the face of the deceased towards Heaven, they said—'Go in peace.'"
Hebrew Antiquities.

Go thou in peace—we may not bid thee linger
Amid the sunlight and the gloom of earth,
Where every joy is touched by sorrow's finger,
And tears succeed the brightest hour of mirth;
Thine upward gaze is fixed upon the dwelling
Where sin and sorrow never more are known,
And seraph lips, the loud Hosanna swelling,
Have caught the music of celestial tone.

Go thou in peace—thy home on earth now leaving
In the lone chamber of the dead to dwell,
Thou hast no portion in the sorrow heaving
The hearts whose anguish tears but freely tell—
A path of light and gladness is before thee,
The hope of Israel in fruition there,
And thou wilt gaze upon the beams of glory
Around the throne of Israel's God that shine.

Go thou in peace—why are the loved ones weeping
Around the spot where now thy form is lain,
There is no cause for grief that thou art sleeping,
Free from each trial, and untouched by pain;
Thy path has been through many a scene of sorrow,
The weary form has needed this repose;
Calm be thy rest until the eternal morrow
Its light and glory on thy dwelling throws.

Go thou in peace—temptation cannot sever
The tie that now unites thee to thy God;
The voice of sin—of unbelief—can never
Enter the precincts of thy low abode:
We leave thee here with mingled joy and sadness,
Our hearts are weak, our faith is low and dim,
Yet to the Lord we turn with chastened gladness,
And yield our friend—our brother up to him.
M. J. W.

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, November 8.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MEMOIRS OF HANNAH MORE.

The Harpers have just published the memoirs of this lady, together with the correspondence. The whole is embraced in two handsome volumes, and possesses such an exciting interest, as will create a demand for it by the literati and religious of all classes. Miss More's writings are familiar to almost every reader—and the value of them has been such, that she may be said to be a household favourite on both sides of the water.

The present work will particularly claim the attention of her admirers. Her letters are distinguished for excellence and piety of principle, purity of style and elegance of composition. They may serve indeed as models for epistolary communication.

In dismissing the work, we cordially commend it to the attention of our readers.

Dr. Bird's novel is out, and from the portions which we have read of it, we are prepared to say that it will rank with the first American productions.

It is a work of no ordinary character, genius, imagination, taste, learning and combined intellectual power are stamped upon every page.

Dr. Bird will at once take a high position in the ranks of imaginative writers.

THREE YEARS IN THE PACIFIC,

Including notices of Brazil, Chile, Bolivia and Peru.—

By an officer of the United States Navy.

Philadelphia, Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

This production lays claim to a considerable degree of attention, and it is with no small degree of pleasure that we award to it the full meed of entire approbation. The writer is evidently a man of considerable taste, an acute and sagacious observer, and withal endowed with that high attribute of the mind, a solid and discriminating judgment.

His observations on the countries through which he passed and sojourned, possess much interest, and they are distinguished by an easiness of narration not often obtained by our Naval travellers.

The author has brought forward for the entertainment and instruction of his readers many novelties, and no one can peruse his attractive detail of description incident and character, without being highly gratified. Our knowledge of the lands and inhabitants which are the subject of his observations, is comparatively limited, and our author, has greatly promoted our acquaintance, in places which to us were formerly almost unknown except by name.

The opportunities and facilities of this gentleman have been great; and he has judiciously availed himself of all his advantages, in the preparation of his entertaining book.

We have rarely perused a work of this kind, possessing so much lasting merit, it is replete with good sense; is full of useful information, and will be read by all classes with delight.

For the entertainment of our readers, we shall offer a few extracts:—

The following anecdote of Don Pedro, and an American midshipman is characteristic:

"Don Pedro is said to possess a considerable share of good nature, and the following anecdote seems to bear evidence of it. A midshipman H—— of the United States Navy, some four or five years since, followed a man who deserted from his boat, into the palace, where the man had fled, in hopes of eluding pursuit. Mr. H—— rushed by the sentinel, and by mistake, got into the audience room. The noise occasioned by his abrupt entry, led the emperor to inquire the cause, and when informed that it was a young naval officer, ordered him to his presence. The midshipman told the emperor that he had entered the palace in pursuit of a deserter, and would not leave it till he should find him. Don Pedro was pleased by his resolute manner, and extended his hand to be kissed. The middy, however, did not so understand him, but gave it a hearty shake, and requested the emperor to allow the deserter to be sought and delivered. The sailor was taken, and Mr. H—— left the palace.

A few days afterwards, the emperor, when driving four-in-hand, met Mr. H——. He drew up his horses, and extended his hand, which Mr. H—— shook very cordially, and told his Highness that he was extremely happy to see him. The emperor frequently related the anecdote, and styled Mr. H—— his 'young American friend.'"

"We sat down to dinner at three o'clock. There was an officer there, belonging to one of the men-of-war in the bay, who particularly interested me. He was a fat, short man, with a plump Falstaff rotundity of person, and a red face. His [illegible] rose remarkably high, rising like a pyramid above his blonde eyebrows, but it was narrow, and his whole head bore no slight resemblance to a truncated sugar loaf. It had shaken my faith in the doctrine of phrenology! His aquiline nose was placed like a peeping post between two large, prominent eyes, which, like jealous neighbors, exercised a constant surveillance over each other's views. This gentleman was evidently a gourmand and so fond of eating, that he seldom spoke, unless for the purpose of recommending some particular sauce, or good dish before him. To say that he was 'the man who eat up all the pudding,' would be no libel. He sat next to me. After devouring a portion of a very fine fish, he commenced cleaning his plate, with his bread, of the compound sauces he had poured upon it, and spoke for the first time during the whole day. 'Elegant fish, Sir! beautiful soy!' then turning his head to one side, and leaning over the table, filled his mouth with a piece of bread, dripping with oil and fish sauce. He could not speak; but laying his hand on a decanter, nodded to me and filled his glass. The draught was swallowed with more gout than I had before seen—'delicious Port.'

The fish, which my taciturn friend so justly praised, was large, and resembled the sheep's head in form, but very superior to it in flavor. It is much esteemed at Rio, and is rather rare. The great price given for it is an evidence of the high estimation in which it is held. Brenner told me that fifteen or twenty dollars have been paid for one weighing as many pounds. Fish of every kind pay a tithe to government for the support of hospitals."

The Chilian ladies are as prone to talk of their neighbours as the fair sex in other countries. Donna Juana related to our author the following anecdote of a Peruvian lady. We thing she treated the Cavalier rather too cavalierly.

A Marquesa was walking towards her home one evening, concealed in the peculiar dress of the country, called "saya y manto," and was spoken to by an unknown young gentleman in a cloak, who importuned her to go to a café and accept of some refreshment. She finally consented. After partaking of ices, cakes, and costly wines, to an amount so great that she thought her beau would not have money enough in his purse to pay, she called the host aside, (whom she knew well,) and told him not to permit the gentleman to leave the house till he had paid, nor to accept from him any other pledge than his pantaloons; for which service the landlord was to receive a douceur. The young gentleman's purse could not cover one half the amount of the charge, and mine host vowed that he must have the whole before he left. The young gentleman offered his watch in pledge, which was obstinately refused. The marquesa grew impatient at the delay, and urged her beau to make haste, or she would leave him. The landlord demanded the pantaloons. The young gentleman was indignant, and referred the case to his fair enchantress, who, after some coaxing, persuaded him to yield his pantaloons, roll his cloak about him, and accompany her home. He consented. She delighted the victim of her sport with her lively *jeux d'esprit*, as they walked along, and at last ushered him into a splendidly furnished room, occupied by a brilliant party of ladies and gentlemen. The youth would have escaped, but the fair one held him tight by the arm, and conducted him to a seat. He drew his cloak closer around him, and bent his feet under his chair. The marquesa introduced several of her female friends to him, after giving them a hint of her joke. The young ladies insisted that he must be very warm, but he thought it was cold;—they urged him to dance, but he vowed he could not. At last the ladies became rude, and, forcibly removing the cloak from the young cavalier's shoulders, exposed him to the whole company, standing in his drawers and boots; after being heartily laughed at, he was turned out of doors!

A Daughter's Love.—Sometimes, I was conscious of gathering roughness from the continual conflict with passion and prejudice, and that the fine edge of the feelings could not ever be utterly proof against the corrosions of such an atmosphere. Then I sought my home, and called my bird of song, and listened to the warbling of her high, heaven-toned voice. The melody of that music fell upon my soul, like oil upon the troubled billows,—and all was tranquil. I wondered where my perturbation had fled, but still more, that I had ever indulged them. Sometimes, the turmoil and fluctuation of the world, threw a shade of dejection over me: then it was her pride to smooth my brow, and to restore its smile. Once, a sorrow of no common order had fallen upon me: it rankled in my breast, like a dagger's point; I came to my house, but I shunned all its inmates. I threw myself down, in solitude, that I might wrestle alone with my fate, and subdue it; a light footstep approached, but I heeded it not. A form of beauty was on the sofa, by my side, but I regarded it not. Then my hand was softly clasped, breathed upon,—pressed to ruby lips. It was enough. I took my daughter in my arms, and my sorrow vanished. Had she essayed the hackneyed expressions of sympathy, or even the usual epithets of endearment, I might have desired her to leave my presence. Had she uttered only a single word it would have been too much, so wounded was my spirit within me. But the deed, the very poetry of tenderness, breathing, not speaking, saying, "the winter of my discontent." Ever was she endued with that most exquisite of woman's perfections, a knowledge both when to be silent, and where to speak,—and so to speak, that the fierce might depart from around the heart she loved, and its discords be tuned to harmony.

The brigs Criterion and Byron, lately arrived at Boston from Malaga, have furnished our New England friends with ample supplies of raisins, almonds, grapes, lemons and sweet things for the approaching Thanksgiving. We trust they will enjoy a happy day.

The season for buckwheat cakes and mince pies, in this section, is rapidly drawing nigh, but we regret to learn that in relation to the latter article, we are likely to be put upon "short commons," owing to the unusual scarcity of apples. The prospect of a famine could scarcely convey more alarm to our mind. A mince pie on Christmas day, is as indispensable an article for a dinner, as is a good quill to an editor. Deprive him of his quill, and an editor is only an ordinary citizen,—take away the mince pie, and you take away the dinner; ergo, no pie no dinner.

What is to be done? Our friends in other states must aid us in this dilemma, by sending us apples, or we shall be obliged to substitute potatoes or turnips, to mix up with the mince-meat. This as occasion is dreaded as an innovation no less dangerous than unpalatable. In regard to cider, a lady with whom we lately conversed on the subject mentioned, that wine is no bad substitute, and we expect Mr. Gowen's cellar is well stored. The apples, however, we must have. Don't forget the apples.

CHOLERA!

We perceive by the papers received at this office that this dreadful malady continues to exist in several sections of our country. We are certain from much observation that the disease might be prevented in nine hundred and nine out of a thousand by proper measures.—Cholera never invades the system without admonishing the individual it is always preceded by diarrhœa.

Whenever diarrhœa occurs it should be immediately checked, by Cholera mixture and Laudanum or Laudanum alone.

We speak from certain knowledge, and we wish that this paragraph could find its way into every house in the land. *Our experience with the disease has been ample—and we say emphatically that the malady may certainly be prevented by checking the diarrhœa.* Emetics and purgatives should be avoided, they are dangerous medicines when a disposition to Cholera exists. Arresting the diarrhœa by an opiate regulating the diet and preserving the warmth of the surface are infallible in arresting this scourge, Cholera. *Ed pro tem.*

The Pennsylvania Canals and Rail roads are now in successful operation. The Harrisburg Reporter says:

"We have been credibly informed that arrangements are making in the city of New York, for organising a company with an extensive capital, to carry trade to and from New York and Pittsburg, via the Delaware and Raritan Canal, and the Pennsylvania Canal and Railway. Of the responsibility of such a project, no one can doubt. The Pennsylvania Canal opens from six to eight weeks earlier, in the spring, than that of New York. Merchants in New York must either make arrangements to transport merchandise to the West, on the Pennsylvania Canal and Railway, or they must lose the spring sales. In addition, it appears that arrangements are making for running a regular and daily line of steam boats to and from Pittsburg, next season."

In the Christian Intelligencer we find the following—We offer no comments—

NEW FIRM.

Dr. Ely tells of a man in Boston, Mr. N. R. Cobb, a merchant, who on commencing business, "entered solemnly in a partnership with Jesus Christ," on condition that if the Deity would make his business profitable, so that he should make a clear gain of $10,000 he would thereafter give the Lord one half the nett profits; if he should make $20,000 he would divide three-fourths to the Lord, and all which he gained over and above $50,000 should be wholly the Lord's. The firm proved a profitable one, and in consideration therefor he punctually paid over to the Missionaries according to his agreement. It strikes us that there is something highly censurable, not to say blasphemous, in all this. A partnership in trade with Jesus Christ! Pray under what name did Mr. Cobb do business! We dare not write out the name of the impiously pretended firm. As Br. Grosh says: "Can it be wondered that sceptics laugh and are pleased with such conduct in professing Christians? It confirms them in their belief *all religion is a humbug*, and the real god worshipped is *gold*, and that all this parade of goodness and piety is a mere trap to catch gulls with."

From Guayaquil.—A letter to a mercantile house in this city, dated at Guayaquil, August 17th, says—"This place unfortunately has been the theatre of revolution and civil war, for some months past, and to add to these dreadful calamities, a pestilence, during the rainy season, of an alarming extent; but we rejoice to say, the war is over, and the city restored to its wonted health. Commerce begins to revive."

The Salisbury (N. C.) Watchman, gives the particulars of a most horrible outrage, lately committed in that vicinity. It appears that during a drunken frolic between a dozen or more associates, which was carried on, with great desperation for a long time, no one of the party, however, being able to tell, at the close of the battle, the cause of the quarrel. One of the individuals engaged in the fight lost a part of his lip, and another a part of his ear, and the decapitated ear was sewed on the lip of the other sufferer, by a tailor, who formed one of the company. All engaged in this [illegible] were so completely intoxicated. We trust such exhibitions are rare in N. Carolina.

SCENE IN AN AUCTION ROOM.

The witty editor of the New York Transcript—a spirited daily—gives the following amusing sketch of a scene in an auction room in that city.

Lately dropping in at a book auction, there happened to be a man who annoyed the company and the auctioneer, with a segar. The book had gone up to twenty-seven cents and a half, and the auctioneer dwelling upon it, cried, "And a half, and a half, and a half"—when smelling the annoyance, he shouted out, "D—n your segar—and a half, and a half, twenty-seven and a half—thirty—thirty-two and a half, and a half—kick out that man with the segar, and a half, and a half—going, going—thirty-five—thirty-five—thirty-seven and a half—curse that segar smoke!—and a half, and a half—I'd rather have the devil about me—and a half, and a half, and a half—it gives me the phthisic—and a half, and a half—going, going—forty, forty cents—forty-two and a half—who's putting brimstone on the stove!—and a half, and a half, and a half—I wish I had hold of that boy—and a half, and a half—I'd choke the rascal—and a half, and a half—going, going—who says forty-five—not half the price of the book—and a half, and a half, forty-two and a half—forty-five—now forty-seven and a half, and a half, and a half—a treatise on the tooth-ache, gentlemen—who'll give fifty cents for the tooth ache, and a half, and a half, forty-seven and a half—look at that boy there—and a half, and a half—pocketing one of those pen-knives, and a half and a half—I can't have my eyes every—and a half, and a half—fifty—fifty-two and a half—kick all the boys out of the room—and a half, and a half—kick 'em out, I say—and a half, and a half—going, going, gone."

Outrage.—On Friday evening, about six o'clock, a man knocked at the door leading into the basement story of Mr. Howe's house in Broom street, and the servant girl proceeded to open it, but whilst in the act of doing so, the fellow pushed it and stabbed her with some sharp instrument in both sides, and then rushed towards the stairs leading from the interior of the basement story to the upper part of the house. The lady of the house being alarmed by the noise below, ran to the top of the stairs, and very courageously called out that no one should come up. On hearing this, the miscreant immediately retreated and made his escape. Who he is, or what was his motive for committing such an outrage, remains as yet a mystery. Fortunately for the poor girl, she was so defended by her dress, as to prevent her from being materially injured by the ruffian's dagger, or whatever else he used in stabbing her.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

In the last number of Silliman's Journal, a correspondent from New York has announced the discovery of *Strontianite* in that state, the only known locality of that mineral in the United States. It is this substance which furnishes the material for making red theatre fire, and the brilliant red rocket fire which has often excited the admiration of our citizens. Hitherto the supplies of it have always been imported from Germany. A few weeks ago, a large quantity by mistake, was received by a chemical manufacturing house of this city invoiced to them as *limestone*. Of course it turns out quite a speculation.

Reserved Rights.—The Lexington people have been having fine sport with their court and grand jury of late. Certain persons summoned before the grand jury to testify respecting gaming, refused to do so, the court gave them a week to consider of the matter. At the end of the week the grand jury again met, but the court not acting with as much spirit and directness as they desired, they sent in certain resolutions with a preamble which the court saw reason to consider contemptuous, and accordingly demanded of the jurymen to answer categorically as to their intentions; as they however declined doing so, the court fined them all round, and put witnesses and grand jury all into jail together. Knickerbocker tells us of a judge who, being puzzled in a suit, fined both parties, and made the constable pay the costs;—whether the Lexington constable paid the costs is not mentioned.—*Cincinnati Chron.*

From the Newburyport Herald.

Caution to Sportsmen.—Two young men embarked on Monday, on a gunning excursion, in the harbor—the tide being somewhat low, many small islands which are covered at high tide, were prominent, and presented inviting flocks of game. To these the young sportsmen directed their course, and, upon arriving, pulled the boat upon the flats and left it there. After being absent a short time they returned again to the spot, but in the meantime the tide had arisen and floated the boat some distance off. Their exertions to recover it were fruitless—and they attempted in vain to swim to the shore, from which they were a mile distant. Knowing that the water would before long cover the spot upon which they stood, they collected such materials as the place afforded and erected a small mound, four feet high, which was braced with their guns—this they were compelled to ascend, and remained upon it until nearly midnight, when the interval between the tides allowed them a short season to repair the mound, and make preparations for the succeeding tide, which arose more than a foot above the eminence. On Tuesday morning they were discovered from the shore, and taken from their perilous situation, much exhausted; and conveyed to their friends, who had become seriously alarmed at their prolonged absence.

Alarming!—Last week, a gentleman residing in Tremont street was awakened by the sound of footsteps in the lower part of the house. He soon after heard a door move on its hinges, drawers opening, &c. Looking at his watch he found the hour to be half past 12, and knowing that none of the family could be still up, he proceeded cautiously to awake his brother and a male domestic in the adjoining chambers, with the view to surprise and capture the robber. Having hastily dressed and armed themselves, one with pistols, the other with a dirk, and the third with a club, they descended carefully towards the door of the kitchen, from which quarter the suspicious sounds now seemed to proceed. The one armed with pistols took the lead, opened the door and advancing with a weapon extended in each hand, presented them upon ———, a terror stricken *chambermaid*, who, deceived by the moonlight, had supposed that the day had dawned, and was innocently making her preparations for the *wash!* It appeared that the watch of the gentleman who first took the alarm, had stopped at ½ past 12, and that it was now 4 o'clock. It may be imagined that the armed party made a confused and rapid retreat.—*Boston Journal.*

A foreign correspondent of the Albany Advertiser in a recent letter from Liverpool says—"It seems to be universally admitted and believed that the stamp duty on newspapers will be entirely repealed during the next session of Parliament. Newspapers will then be as cheap in England as they are with you at present." The annual cost of a daily paper in England is about ten pounds, or forty five dollars, four sevenths of which pass from the pocket of the subscriber through the hands of the publisher into the treasury.—The price of a single paper, (and it is the same whether the reader only buys a single one or takes it for a year) is seven-pence, and the stamp duty four-pence, which being deducted would leave the price of a single paper six cents, and consequently the yearly expense for a daily about twenty dollars. We do not understand how the English papers will fall much below this, for the relief from the stamp duty leaves their other expenses precisely the same, and these, it is reasonable to suppose, are like our own papers reduced to the minimum by competition. On the other hand, the price of an English paper divested of the stamp tax, as compared with an American, is not in proportion to the relative prices of other productions of the press.—Their reviews, magazines, and weekly literary papers (for it is only the *newspapers* that are burdened with the stamp) are not dearer than similar works of the same quantity in this country. The writer above mentioned says, that it is the purpose of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, as soon as the stamp duty shall be repealed, to issue a morning and evening paper at the reduced price of one penny, and that this determination is the cause of the bitter abuse of Lord Brougham by the Times. This would bring the annual expense of a London daily down to less than seven dollars.

The cause wherefore there is no difference, as with us, between the rate of cost for a single paper and a yearly subscription, is that the publishers of the London papers do not distribute them to the readers. They are wholesale dealers, who sell their papers by the quantity to newsmen who then retail them. These are in attendance when the paper comes from the press, and speed away to their respective districts, those of the remote parts of London in light carts or wagons. When a person wishes to take a paper, he applies to the nearest newsman, who will supply him by the day, week, month, or year, at the rate of seven pence a paper, the price being printed on each one. This heavy charge, however, may be greatly reduced by contracting with the newsman to re-deliver the paper to him at a certain hour. A gentleman, for instance, can have a fresh paper on his breakfast table every morning and keep it two hours for two pence.—*Balt. American.*

Manufacture of Silk.—The editor of the Providence Journal speaks in high terms of the silk machinery, the invention of Messrs. Gay and Mosely—recently put in operation in the vicinity of that city. The principal difficulty has been found to occur in the outset—that of reeling the silk from the cocoons. The impediments to this process are said to be effectually overcome by Gay & Mosely's machinery; and the editor of the Journal who has witnessed its operation says, the silk passes through all the processes of manufacture from the cocoon to the loom, with all the rapidity and security from injury, with which cotton is manufactured. The machinery is very simple, but very ingeniously contrived, and is worthy the observation of every friend of domestic industry. The improvement in this machinery, by which the adhesion of the thread on the reel and spools is prevented, consists in a transverse motion by which the thread is carried rapidly from one side of the skein or end of the spool to the other, so that instead of lying parallel, the threads lie at angles across each other.

The March of Mind.—The influence of newspapers is no doubt very powerful, but still it is far less general than some people are inclined to imagine. We were lately speaking with an inhabitant of this city, (and not a deaf one either) who had never even heard of the "Courier and Enquirer;" nor need Mr. Webb be downhearted at the limits of his fame, for on another occasion, within the last eighteen months, and during a conversation on the death of the "Great Unknown," an individual present asked "*Who Sir Walter Scott was?*" as somehow *it struck him, that he had often heard his name mentioned before!*" On being told that he was the great Scotch poet and novelist, "Indeed," said he, "*and is that higher or lower nor a General?*"—*Parlour Journal.*

Forks of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers.—In a short ride through the lower counties, in the forks of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, and particularly in the counties of St. Charles and Warren, we observe that a new population, consisting chiefly of German Emigrants, are fast displacing the older settlers; in some large neighborhoods there remain but few of those who resided there a year or two ago. These newly arrived Germans appear to be best pleased with the rich alluvial soil of the Missouri bottom, and are willing to give any price for lands, so that it is in that place and in the neighborhood of some who have been settled in that country for a number of years. We are informed by some of them that that river is the place of destination of nearly all of their countrymen upon leaving their native land, and that it has become so by a publication made a few years since by a native German, who sojourned a time on that river below Pinckney.

Many of these bring with them considerable wealth, and are men of industry and enterprise; there are but few if any who appear familiar with our method of cultivation, or of the crop or culture best adapted to the country in which they have just settled. There are many also of them that are quite indigent. These generally have come in under the protection of the more wealthy to whom they are bound for the payment of their expenses, but in many instances, upon their arrival they take their time into their own hands, and set up for themselves.

Among those of the higher order both male and female, there are many possessing highly cultivated and well stored minds, and a degree of intelligence upon general subjects that would do credit to the same number of individuals from any country. We regard such as an acquisition to our community.

Thus far we believe great harmony has prevailed between them and their neighbours, the American citizens. There is, however, a degree of jealousy existing in the minds of many, arising from the peculiarity of their foreign manners and customs, which will disappear upon a more intimate acquaintance. We see one cause operating which will soon produce this result, that is their intermarriages with the Americans of which we are told there are several. We know of no legitimate objection to this amalgamation, and therefore wish it God speed.

The following has been communicated to us by the medical gentleman who attended the wounded man:—

A striking instance of (what we seldom see) a disposition in that noble animal the horse to attack man, occurred in this city a day or two since, the sufferer, although repeatedly warned of the dangerous character of the animal, took hold of the bridle for the purpose of mounting him, when the horse suddenly seized with his mouth the wrist of his right arm, and after literally, dragging some distance, threw him and trampled on him until he was beaten off by the blows and exertions of the by-standers, the arm was so dreadfully lacerated and fractured, as to make immediate amputation necessary.—*English paper.*

Public Felons.—In the morning of the 21st ult. three prisoners, charged with felony, at Middlebury, Vermont, contrived to pick the main lock of their door, the bolt of which they drew back, and then three padlocks on the outside. They then stepped out into a small space between the cell and the jailer's room, into which the person goes to hand them their food. In the door, at the entrance of this space, is a sort of peep-hole. The jailer's wife, going to hand them their breakfast, looked in to see that the door and bolts of the cell were all regular, and perceiving that they were—as the prisoners had them all in their places again, and they standing close in a corner near the door, so as not to be seen by the jailer's wife—she opened the door as usual, thinking all safe, and was met by the *trio*, with the salutation, "*Good morning, madam—we cannot stop to breakfast,*" and passed out by her. They took the Windsor road, but being headed upon a bridge about four miles from the village, they tacked about, and took Salisbury road, and have not been seen since.

Warlike Disposition of Man.—Carthage, for the conquest of Sicily, 400 years before our Saviour, made preparations for three years. The army consisted of 300,000, the fleet of 2000 men of war, and 3000 transports. By the interposition of Gelon, the tyrant of Syracuse, at the investment of the city of Hymera, every man was either killed or taken prisoner, and only eight ships made their escape. The first Punic war lasted 24 years, the second 17, and the third a little more than 4, when the renowned city of Carthage, containing the immense population of 700,000 human beings, was so completely burned that not a single house remained. Being fired at all points, the conflagration was terrible, and burned with prodigious fury for 17 days. The plunder carried away by the Roman soldiers, in precious metal alone amounted to 4,470,000 pounds of silver. Julius Cæsar, in Germany, is said to have slaughtered 400,000 men in one battle. When Attila, king of the Huns was defeated at Chalons, 300,000 men perished. But the most memorable devastation of human life on record, which was melancholy beyond all precedent, was the memorable army of Xerxes, marching into Greece. It consisted of 5,283,220, according to all ancient authorities.—Nearly the whole of the mammoth collection of soldiers were entirely destroyed. It was equal to the entire male population of the United States.

Jim, do you snore when you are asleep? No, never; for I lay awake one night on purpose to see.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

We learn that Mr. Webster was in New York on Monday from Boston. He is on his way to the seat of Government, to discharge duties devolving in the interregnum upon the Finance Committee of the Senate, of which he is Chairman.

The Second Philadelphia Presbytery will meet at Norristown, on the 11th of November, when the Rev. Robert Adair will be installed pastor of the Presbyterian church in that place. The Drs. Cuyler, M'Dowell, and Neill are expected to conduct the exercises.

Commerce of the West.—A letter from Buffalo, dated 23d Oct says:—"Seventy vessels were in our harbor this morning, bound to the west—each vessel averages about 400 barrels bulking at least in the whole 25,000 barrels. Our houses are still full of goods, and the wharves crowded. Boats from the east are constantly arriving."

The Alumni association of Nassau Hall, Princeton College, have been entrusted the important undertaking of raising one hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of extending and [illegible] the College.

A fellow confined in Germantown Jail, for horse stealing, set fire to his cell, and in the smoke and noise made his escape and took to the woods. The jailor arrived in sufficient time to extinguish the fire.

A slave condemned to death in [illegible] for having struck a white man, was reprieved by the Governor, the reputed owner having made affidavit that he was free.

Hon. Charles K. Williams has been elected Chief Justice, and Messrs. Stephen Royce, S. S. Phelps, Jacob Collamer and John Mattocks Assistant Justices of the State of Vermont. All Judicial officers in Vermont are elected annually by the legislature.

The trial of Henry Joseph, [illegible], and Amos Otis, alias Bill, an Englishman, charged with the murder of Capt. Crosby, of the brig Juniper, in August last, commenced in Boston, on Tuesday, before Judge Story.

The same court has assigned 10th of November, as the day upon which the trial of the Pirates now in the Boston jail, shall commence.

Snow was six inches deep at [illegible], Me. last week.

Madamoiselle Celeste is expected at New York. She has proved an extraordinary attraction in England and France. She cleared at one engagement in Liverpool, one thousand pounds; and for 14 nights at Bath, she received a thousand pounds.—She has acted one of her pieces "the French Spy," seven hundred nights in France and England.

It is said that the family of the Robert Temple, Esq. of Vermont, have resolved to refund to Government, so far as his estate will avail, all the money he may have wrongfully obtained.

A child about five years of age of Thomas Clagett, Baltimore, was so severely burnt on Thursday week, that he died in a few hours after. His clothes caught from a bon-fire, kindled in an open lot.

Hufeland says there is no instance of longevity in a professed idler.

A correspondent of the Charleston Courier writes from Washington, that there are no less than four hundred candidates for the new lieutenancies to be added to the Marine Corps at its new organization.

It is a singular fact, that no Vice President has succeeded to the Presidential chair since the failure of Aaron Burr.

A bear weighing not less than 400 pounds was killed near Rising Sun, Indiana, a few days since. It had previously destroyed several hogs.

A western paper in alluding to the hardness of the times, and the difficulty of collecting *bills*, tells the following:—A gentleman calling at the house of an honest old lady, for the purpose of collecting a small debt, not recollecting the amount, he promised to send up his *bill* that evening. 'The old lady supposing he meant his son William, replied '*Our Bill never sot up with any body yet; but bill's a nice fellow, and they may build a fire in t'other room.*'

Nothing escapes being converted into money making purposes,—among the list of shows for wonder seekers at Cincinnati, is Davy Crockett, in wax "in a beautiful forest room, surrounded by a great number of wild animals."

Two well-dressed females, on Tuesday of last week, in Philadelphia, in Chesnut street, near Second, got into a regular set-to scratching, tearing and biting each other, without mercy,—ruffles, bonnets, caps and shoes flew around, till at last one of them, summing up all her strength, made a rush, and with a cat-squal of victory overcame her antagonist, throwing her on the ground and planting her knee upon her breast and her talons in her cheek.—*N. Y. Star.*

The trial of Rose for manslaughter, at Hackensack, N. J. took place last Wednesday, and he was acquitted.

The critics of Petersburg, V. are delighted to enthusiasm with the comic powers of Power. The critics say he has made a powerful impression.

The population of Nashville, Tennessee, has doubled in ten years. In 1824, it was three thousand five hundred; it is now seven thousand.

The daughter of Lord Byron is now eighteen. She is said to be very lovely, with fine brown hair and a high arched brow, her eye is not large, but penetrating, her face is round, the mouth small, her voice sweet and her stature of the middle height.

Samuel W. Pickens, Esq., has been elected to supply the vacancy in Congress, occasioned by the resignation of the Hon. George M'Duffie of South Carolina. The election in [illegible] resulted in favor of the State Rights party. In the House 80 to 29, and in the Senate 14 to 5.

The dwelling house of Mr. Eustache Letellier, near Quebec, was destroyed by fire, on the 21st ultimo. The father of the tenant, a gentleman of 86 years, one of the members of Assembly, perished in the flames.

The legislature of Rhode Island have passed bills to incorporate the North Providence Bank, capital $50,000, and the Wakefield Bank with the same capital.

It is stated that the Endeavour, the ship in which Captain Cook performed his first voyage around the world, now lies sunken in the harbour of Newport, R. I.

The city of Newark, N. J. has become a port of entry. A whaling company has been formed, and is preparing to send out the ship John Wells, on a whaling voyage. The sand bar at the mouth of the Passaic river, which has hitherto been a great hindrance to the trade of Newark is about to be removed.

The Baltimore United Fire Department have passed a resolution interdicting the use of ardent spirits at fires. An infringement of the rule involves a penalty of five dollars.

The New York Commercial Advertiser of Saturday states, that the Post Office Committee of the Senate, charged with the duty of making further inquiry into the affairs of that Department, is about to hold a sitting in that city, to begin on Tuesday. Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, had already arrived at New York, to meet the committee.

Two fellows were arrested in New York on Monday, who were seen to pick the pocket of a person who was attempting to vote at the third ward poll.

The Mysterious Lady, still continues to puzzle the Bostonians. She is turning a pretty penny by exciting their curiosity.

Residents at New Orleans during the winter season may return to that city with safety, all sickness having disappeared.

The value of real and personal estate in the city and county of New York, by the estimate of this year's assessment, amounts to one hundred and eighty eight millions of dollars!!!

The epidemic prevailing at Pensacola is the yellow fever. A correspondent of a New Orleans paper, who passed through Pensacola, pays a high compliment to Dr. McLeod, himself an invalid seeking repose in that climate, who, on the death of the only physician there, took his place and was of invaluable service to the sick.

The project of forming a line of telegraphs along the London and Birmingham Rail-way, and thence to Liverpool, is under discussion in the Liverpool papers. In France there are telegraphs from Paris to the Spanish, the Italian, the German, and the Belgic frontiers, as well as to Calais, Brest, Marseilles, and Toulon; whilst in England, the only line in use is that from Liverpool to Hollyhead, the one from London to Portsmouth, employed during the war, being no longer in operation. Even the Prussian Government has formed a line of telegraphs between the Rhine and Berlin.

It is stated in the Edinburgh Phrenological Journal for September, that the head of Napoleon was larger than that of any man in Europe.

The notorious Loubier, recently when about to be guillotined at Toulon, smoked his cigar as he walked to the scaffold, and on his way jokingly said, "A substitute in the army may be obtained for 1500 francs; I would give 3000 francs to the man who would take my place."

A tomb stone at Montmartre, near Paris, has the following:—"To the memory of M. Jobart, a most excellent husband and father. His inconsolable widow continues to carry on the grocery business in the Rue St. Denis." Another shop in the same street has this sign—"I beg to direct your attention to the sacred word of God, and at the same time to the extremely moderate price at which I sell cotton goods, &c."

At Savannah, on the night of the 20th ultimo, the first frost of the season occurred. The cholera, which has been desolating the river plantations, subsided so long since, that all fears of its re-appearance are passing away. At Fayetteville, on the same day, there had been a hard frost, and ice was formed for the first time this season.

Very late from Lisbon.—The barque Leonidas, Capt. Manson, has arrived at Boston, from Lisbon, with advices to the 19th of September. Public tranquility prevailed, but Don Pedro was understood to be on the verge of death. His disease was the dropsy.

Cigar Smoking.—The Defiance coach, on its way down to this city, took fire in the course of the night, in consequence of a fumigatory passenger dropping his igneous apparatus. Some damage was done to a few of the parcels, but not to any great extent.—*Exeter Times.*

The average number of births in France for the last ten years been 967,490. The average amount of persons dying in the same period is 781,480, thus leaving an increase of 186,010 individuals. In the last ten years the population of France has increased 1,860,000 individuals, of whom 1,045,000 are males and 815,000 females, or a fifth more males than females.

Hume, the reform and retrenchment member of the British House of Commons, is known in the naval service by the name of the Revenue Cutter.

The amount of gold coined at the Mint from 1st August last to 18th Oct. was $1,900,000; from 18th to 25th Oct. $341,000—total amount of new coinage, $2,241,300.

James McArthur, Esq. of Limington, Maine, has raised the present season sixteen bushels of Isabella grapes, from vines planted in his garden in 1830.

The Rev. C. C. Colton says that he was once asked by a clergyman in the north of England how large a town America was, and how far it was from Madagascar!

Abigail Ann Sherman, a sanctified looking lady, was arrested for obtaining money by misrepresentation and fraud,—calling herself a member of the church—deserted by her husband; and reading certificates of sufferings and character from different divines. She contrived to gather some few dollars. Innocent Abigail was committed to prison.—*N. Y. Star.*

The number of foreign arrivals at the port of Boston, up to October 31st, of this year, was 1016—during the corresponding time of last year, 901—increase of this year over the last, 115. The number of foreign clearances up to October 31st of this year, was 852—during the same time of last year, 792: increase of this year over the last, 60.

The number of clearances from this port on Saturday last, is believed to have been the greatest ever before known in one day, being 49, viz. 6 ships, 1 barque, 11 brigs, 27 schooners and 4 sloops. Of these 10 were for foreign ports, and 5 for distant ports in the United States. The number on the Saturday previous was 42, of which 9 were foreign, and 5 for distant ports in the United States.—*Boston Daily Adv.*

The last census of the population of Paris carries the number of the inhabitants to 785,000, who occupy 29,000 houses. This is about twenty-eight individuals for each house.

Mr. Adams at Home.—It may be mentioned as an evidence of the personal popularity of the Hon. John Quincy Adams in his own district, in Massachusetts, that at a recent meeting of his fellow citizens, without distinction of party, he was unanimously nominated for a re-election to Congress.

Gamesters.—A German paper mentions the fact that of Gamesters at Hamburg, 300 committed suicide; 109 ended their career as swindlers or highway robbers, and the remaining 200 by apoplexy, chagrin or despair.

New Jersey.—The legislature of this state assembled last week in joint meeting, and re-elected Peter D. Vroom, Esq. governor, for one year. At the same time they chose Garret D. Wall, Esq. United States Senator for six years.

New England Thanksgiving.—The Executives of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Connecticut, have concurred with that of Massachusetts, in the appointment of the 27th November as the day of religious thanksgiving the present year.

Melancholy Disaster.—Three females were drowned a few days since, near Red Creek, Sag Harbor, by the upsetting of a small boat. The individuals were, Mrs. Havens, wife of Henry Havens, her child, and a daughter of a Mr. Bellows.

Sherry Wine.—Notwithstanding the large quantities consumed, there are but seven thousand acres in the Xeres vineyards, and twenty-five thousand butts annually exported from there; so that the greater part must be fraudulent concoctions. The palest Sherry, called Amontillado, is added to lighten the color.

Ursuline Convent.—It is stated in the Eastern papers, that Bishop Fenwick has determined on the erection of a Convent at Newport, R. I., to supply the place of the one recently destroyed at Charlestown, Mass.

Mortarfied.—A party of Dutchmen, having one evening, gone into a house, newly plastered, for the purpose of revelling; after drinking and smoking till a late hour, they each leaned back in their chairs, with their heads against the newly plastered wall, and fell asleep. In the morning, when they awoke, they found that during the night the wall had hardened and their heads were fast in it. They were quite mortar-fied.

Indian Advocate.—This is the title of a new paper, about to be published in the Indian territory, three hundred miles west of the St. Louis, a short distance beyond the setting of the sun. It is to be conducted by a clergyman of the name of Isaac McKay.

Great Rain in Mississippi.—Heavy rains, for three days and nights, without intermission, have fallen in Mississippi; and great damage has accrued to the Cotton crop. It is estimated that from one half to two thirds of the entire crop will be lost.

Mobile Loan.—The Mobile Mercantile Advertiser, states that a loan of $120,000, at 6 per cent. has been obtained through the agency of H. Hitchcock, Esq. from the house J. D. Beers & Co. New-York.

Sudden Death.—Capt. Samuel Chew, an old and respectable Ship-master of New Haven fell down in the street, a few days since, and expired in about ten minutes. He was previously in good health.

Failures in Boston.—From an investigation, lately made, it appears there have been 137 failures in Boston during the last year, the aggregate amount of which is $6,741,000.

From Buenos Ayres.—By the ship Carolinian, capt. Doughty, we have Buenos Ayres papers to Aug. 30 They contain very little news. Dr. Thomas Manuel de Anchorena had been elected Governor of the Province, by the House of Representatives, having received 26 votes out of 31. He of course declined the appointment, and was again appointed and declined. The second *declination* was accepted.—*Jour. Com.*

The Murderer Taken.—We are informed that a [illegible] the Post Master at Portsmouth, giving the information that *Michael Sikes*, who killed Batson Fentress, at Mount Pleasant, in Norfolk county, Va. on the 24th ult. has been apprehended and committed to the jail of Elizabeth City, where he will be detained in custody until demanded by the authorities of Virginia.

Spurious Gold Coin.—A Connecticut Gold Piece, *of the newest emission*, was taken at the Troy City Bank on Saturday.

Effects of the Gold Bill.—On Thursday, says the New York Daily Advertiser, fifty thousand dollars in American halves were sold at one per cent premium, for export. Thus we see the beginning of what was predicted, that the alteration in the Gold Bill would draw a large portion of the silver out of the country.

Steamboat Accidents.—A gentleman from below, was so kind as to give us the following information.—On the 6th of this month, the steamboat Return, Captain Duff, bilged while aground on a sand bar, in Stack Island reach, Mississippi river, her boat and cargo, lost—the furniture and engine saved. The steamboat Chester broke her shaft, near point Chicot—the fly wheel went through the bottom and sunk her; the boat was got up, the cargo—flour—damaged.—*Cin. Gaz.*

Law in China.—In China no fees are paid for the administration of justice. The judge, whose office costs him nothing, and who has his salary stated, can require nothing of the parties at law: which empowers every poor man to prosecute his own rights, and frees him from being oppressed by the opulence of his adversary, who cannot refuse to do justly and reasonably because the other has not money.—*Chinese Traveller.*

Warning to Temperate Drinkers.—After the late Maryland Election one of the men employed in a paper Mill, near Baltimore, returned from the polls in a state of drunkenness, and going to his employment attempted to remove the raw stock from the place where it was steaming. He lost his balance, fell into the heated mass, and, before he could be rescued, the entire skin from the back of the neck to the feet, was completely pealed off, by the action of the steam.—"But a few short months ago," (says the Baltimore Herald, in which paper we find the account) this man was a *temperate drinker!*"

The Cholera.—A Medical Correspondent of a London paper says—"The causes which especially predispose to an attack of cholera are a weakened state of the lining membrane of the stomach and alimentary canal. This state is so decidedly obviated by eating freely of common salt with our meals that I believe full two-thirds of the cases which occur, might be prevented by having recourse to this simple preservative remedy. The quantity taken should be exactly what the stomach will bear without after inconvenience; from one-quarter to one-third of an ounce during the day is sufficient. Salted meats and other preparations into which salt enters or is dissolved, are totally different in their action to salt in a pure state. The chemical change produced on salt by heat, and its long admixture with other matter, not only entirely destroys its preventive character, but renders substances or fluids thus impregnated in many respects prejudicial. If cholera be contagious or infectious, I have, from my avocation, been frequently exposed to its influence, and the above is the sole preventive measure I have adopted. Permit me, incidentally, to remark, how absurd it is to suppose that eating fresh fish, fresh vegetables, or ripe fruits, predisposes individuals to attacks of this horrible disease. On sound stomachs, when taken moderately, they produce a beneficial influence, which lessens the susceptibility to all disorders."

Mobile, Oct. 15.

There is one peculiarity in the climate of this region, which we have never observed in any other part of the United States—it is, that during the prevalence of a North wind, the fine cut, paper tobacco, for chewing, becomes almost a complete powder, envelope it as much or in what way you will. At other times, than when this wind prevails, it may be carried without covering, loose in the pocket, and still it retains its humidity and freshness. Were this wind one of frequent occurrence here, it would prove a great annoyance to such persons as indulge in the luxuries of the Indian weed.—*Mer. Adv.*

"Repentance."—The following is from the Portsmouth Journal. Such instances of the power of conscience are becoming common, and we hope are proofs that the age is not degenerating:—

A store-keeper acknowledges the receipt of a small sum of money enclosed in an anonymous note, "being price and interest of an article taken when a youth," from his store. The sum enclosed has been given to the Bible Society, by which it is hoped that it may be the means of bringing many other equally acceptable offerings to the altar of duty and conscience.

Yankee Speculation.—An American ship has discharged in the port of Hull, England, a cargo of pitch-pine timber, which she took on board in the United States, and carried to Halifax to avoid the high duty on foreign timber direct. The simple fact of her touching at a colonial port, entitles the importer to enter it as colonial timber. By this operation the Yankee owner has shaved John Bull out of about £1,500.—*Hartford Review.*

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

In the year, 1797, Sir James lost his wife. This melancholy event filled him with the utmost grief.

His friend, the late Dr. Parr, wrote him a soothing letter on the occasion, and in a few days Sir James sent him the following reply. It will be read with interest—it breathes an ever fresh attachment and the most tender affection:—

"I use the first moment of composure to return my thanks to you for having thought of me in my affliction. It was impossible for you to know the bitterness of that affliction; for I myself scarce knew the greatness of my calamity till it had fallen upon me; nor did I know the acuteness of my own feelings till they had been subjected to this trial. Alas! It is only now I feel the value of what I have lost. Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth, and might have formed a connexion in which a short-lived passion would have been followed by repentance and disgust; but I found an intelligent companion, a tender friend, a prudent monitress; the most faithful of wives, and as dear a mother as ever children had the misfortune to lose. Had I married a woman who was easy, or giddy enough to have been infected by my imprudence, or who had rudely or harshly attempted to correct it, I should in either case have been irretrievably ruined. A fortune, in either case would, with my habits, have been only a shorter cut to destruction. But I met a woman who by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them, and rescued me from the dominion of a degrading and ruinous vice. She became prudent from affection; and, though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me; she gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weakness and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe that I am not a ruined outcast; to her, whatever I am; to her, whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings and my character. Even in her occasional resentment,—for which I but too often gave just cause, (would to God that I could recall those moments!) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous—but she was placable, tender, and constant. She united the most attentive prudence with the most generous and guileless nature, with a spirit that disdained the shadow of meanness, and with the kindest and most honest heart.—Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when an excellent natural sense was rapidly improving after eight years struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined by youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardour. I lost her, alas, (the choice of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes,) at the moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days. This, my dear sir, is a calamity which the prosperity of the world can never repair. To expect that any thing on this side of the grave can make it up would be a vain and delusive expectation. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world could easily repair the loss; but I have lost the tender and faithful partner of my misfortunes; and my only consolation is that Being under whose severe but paternal chastisement, I am cut down to the ground."

FOREIGN PAUPERS.

The late extensive importations of foreign paupers into the United States, we are glad to perceive, have attracted much attention. A villainous system of imposition has been practised upon this country for years past, by Great Britain, in sending among us their poor population, and it is full time that some measures should be taken to put a stop to the evil. *Disclosures* have recently been made, which go to prove, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the government officers of England encourage, by every possible means, the emigration of paupers to this country, while those of honest and industrious habits, in the possession of means for their own maintenance, are prevailed upon to settle in the Canadas. It has been certified that the expense of conveying paupers to the States, in many instances, has been paid by the government, with no other view than to rid England and Ireland of their support.

From late examinations it appears that during the year ending September, 1834, there were in the Boston Almshouse 340 Americans, and 613 foreigners. Decrease of American paupers in five years 10 per cent.; increase of *foreign*, in the same time, 115 per cent.—In the out-door department of the same institution there were 153 patients, of whom 129 were destitute foreigners. In Broad street district, Boston, out of 324 patients, 312 were foreigners—all of whom were British born subjects, excepting four! In the New York Almshouse there are now 1875 individuals, of whom 820 are foreigners. The ratio of foreigners on the pauper lists of all the cities in the Union, is no doubt equally as large.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Star, in a letter dated London, Sept. 11, puts the following significant query:—"Great Britain is daily shipping her miserable *poor house population* to your shores! When will your Legislatures stop it, in defence of the respectable population of your own country?"

These are alarming facts which should unite the action of all philanthropists in devising means for preventing an extension of the evil. Honest and industrious foreigners, we are at all times glad to welcome to our hospitable shores, but we know of no obligation that we are under, to receive the ejected [illegible] and British poor houses, country.

Niles' Register of last week, contains the following pointed remarks on this subject.

In the last Register we made a few remarks on the Importation of paupers and vagabonds and scoundrels from Europe, into the United States—which, instead of being only "the refuge of the oppressed of all nations," has become, or is becoming an "asylum" of the worst classes of foreign society—to many of whom our poor-houses are palaces and even our penitentiaries a *home!* but others, many others, dash into bold enterprises, and have no limit to their corrupted hearts; and, let the question be carefully reviewed by whom it may, the truth has become manifest—that strong means must be taken to reduce the transfer of such wretched or wicked bipeds to our shores. We propose to take up this subject seriously at some future day. Let those who have "sucked the orange" not tax us with the keeping of its skin—let those who breed rogues keep them for their own uses!—to hang them, or to populate New Holland, as they may think expedient.

The police justice of Albany says: "Shall Europe be permitted to cast upon our shores the contents of her prisons and her poor houses?" The remark is called forth by the number of vagrants brought before him, many of whom state that their passages were paid by the parish to get rid of them. One who had just been brought before him says, "that in June last, the parish officers paid the passage of himself and about *forty* others of the same parish, from Chatham to the city of Boston, in America, on board the ship Royalist, Capt. Parker, and that they landed at Boston in the month of July last. That the parish officers gave him thirty shillings sterling, in money, in addition to paying his passage. That he is now entirely destitute of the means of living, and is unable to labour, and prays for relief."

A small tax is laid in some place to indemnify the cost of such impositions upon us. It is totally inadequate—and should be raised to 10, or even 50 dollars per head, *until the account is fairly balanced.* We would that the innocent should not suffer for the guilty—but so it is that they must, in all human affairs. What has the common soldier, killed or maimed on the field, to do with the question for which he is made a "fighting machine?"—but, though the *man* may be pitied, the destruction of the *instrument* is commended.

The land is infested with hordes of *foreign* wretches, pickpockets, thieves, robbers, forgers, &c. &c.—Only the other day a young Englishman, arrived at New York, was so deeply versed in the mysteries of his trade, as to forge, and receive payment, for several checks on the office of the bank of the United States, in the large sum of $11,400—but, at last he was caught, and the whole amount recovered, 250 dollars excepted. As there will be a "count" on each forgery, the hope is held out that he may be put away for some thirty or more years in the state prison—useful to prevent depredations, though, as we fear, useless as to the reformation of offenders.

Every city in the union is infested by gangs of foreign depredators—that may be oftentimes found in steamboats, or wherever there are large gatherings of the people—and we almost every day see some notice of their adroit proceedings.

A plan, perhaps, might be adopted, by which just discriminations could be made between persons of honest and fair characters at home, and regular paupers, beggars and knaves. Poverty is no crime, and ought not to deprive any man of a good report from those who know him. A form of verification, with regard to these might, perhaps, be efficiently contrived to favor poor emigrants, through American agencies established in foreign places to grant certain certificates on small fees being paid, whereby the heavy duty suggested on their arrival here might be much abated.

The following laughable illustration of the exorbitant value which lawyers set upon their most trivial services, actually occurred in one of the inferior courts a short time ago. A person having been sued by another for a petty trespass, or something of that sort, was adjudged to pay a farthing damages in compensation for his fault. Being determined that his antagonist should not be deprived of any benefit which might accrue to him from the possession of such a magnificent sum, and not having an opportunity of delivering it personally, he sent a farthing to his attorney with instructions to see it duly paid. The obedient limb of the law accordingly handed it over to the proper officer for that purpose, and so far the laugh was on the side of the defeated but chuckling litigant. It was, however, transferred to the wrong side of his mouth, when shortly afterwards he received a bill charging him with one six-and-eightpence for the attorney's trouble in taking charge of the farthing, and another as the officer's fee for attending to receive it, thus having to pay 13s. 4. for the enjoyment of his joke.

Cholera.—The Raleigh Register of 28th ult. mentions, that this fell disease has re-appeared in Washington, N. C., after an interval of nearly a week, in a form more malignant, if possible, than in the first instance. A letter to a friend in Raleigh, states that there were, on Sunday last, six unburied corpses in that town—two white and four colored persons. It was added, however, that the weather was again turning cool, and strong hopes of the disease being arrested, were entertained.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PORTUGAL.

DEATH OF DON PEDRO.

By the Lorena, Capt. Urquhart, which arrived on the evening of the 5th inst. in the short passage of 25 days from Lisbon, we have received papers to the 8th of October.

The only intelligence of importance, is the death of Don Pedro, which our previous accounts led us to expect. His decease appeared to excite general regret throughout the nation. The Queen was exercising royal powers, according to the constitutional charter, approved by the Cortes.

At the session of the two Chambers, on the 3d of October, a deputation was appointed to wait upon the Queen, and express the sentiments of regret for her loss, and that of the nation, to which she made a suitable reply. The whole population of Lisbon had also expressed, in a becoming manner, their sympathetic feelings. The Chambers were still in session, and legislating for the well-being of the nation.

The accounts from Spain, are highly discouraging to the Carlist party, which was destitute of every thing, and hard pressed by the Queen's forces.

Intelligence had reached Lisbon, of fresh disturbances in Rome, which had caused a depreciation in the price of Papal funds.

The following information appears to-day in a second edition of the Times of 27th Sept. The general arrangements therein referred to as likely to be consequent upon the decease of Don Pedro, we have reason to believe will be found pretty nearly correct. We need not dwell upon the importance of this information:

We have just (Saturday, twelve o'clock) received, by express from Falmouth, accounts from Lisbon by the Confiance steamer, which sailed on the 21st. Don Pedro was not expected to live throughout the day.

The following is a copy of the Emperor's letter to the chamber of Deputies on this melancholy occasion:

From the Official Government Gazette, of Sept. 18.

Senhores, Deputies of the Portuguese Nation,—Always frank and faithful to my oaths, and obeying the voice of my conscience, I inform you that having yesterday fulfilled the duties of a son of the Catholic church and the father of a family, I deem it also to be my conscientious duty to communicate to you that the same state of indisposition which dictated to me yesterday those resolutions, prevents me from taking cognizance of public affairs; in which circumstances I request you to be pleased to provide a remedy. I offer up my most ardent vows to heaven for the public happiness.

D. PEDRO, Regent.

Palace of Queluz, Sept. 18, 1834.

Judging from the state of the public mind in Portugal [and the same may be said of Spain], we deem it impossible for the Lisbon Cortes to legislate much longer. The members are insulted on leaving the House, and only the other day the Baron Renduff [a noted character it must be confessed] was hooted through the streets, and followed with the cry of "Thief!" The people cannot respect Don Pedro's legislators, and much less obey their mandates.

SPAIN.

The Courier Francai, affirms that Don Carlos is in a state of ill health and disagreement, arising out of fatigue, privations and disappointment, at his cause making no progress, and that his partisans are thinking of calling to Spain his eldest son, who is about 17 years of age. Unless the insurgents can make themselves masters of some sea-port, to introduce supplies sent by their friends, or can capture the magazine, or disarm numerous corps of their adversaries, it is impossible for them to possess arms and amunition. A serious embarrassment for the Carlists is the obstinacy of the towns in not embracing the cause of the Pretender. The inhabitants are free from the prejudices of the country people and mountaineers, and are too discerning not to perceive that the democratic institutions of the middle ages cannot be maintained in the heart of Spain, notwithstanding the promises of Don Carlos.

From the Gazette of September 20.

"His Imperial Majesty at 8 o'clock at night (Sept. 19th) after having embraced his aides-de-camp and other persons of his family, ordered that a soldier of the 1st Regiment of Light troops should approach his bed to receive a testimony of the remembrance which he entertained of the brave men who so much assisted him in the glorious struggle of liberty against usurpation. Col. Pimentel, his aid-de-camp, and commandant of the above mentioned regiment immediately presented the soldier, No. 82, of the first company. Manuel Pereira, decorated with the medal of the Tower and Sword, to whom his Imperial Majesty said, at the same time embracing him. "Transmit to your comrades this embrace, in token of the just remembrance in which I hold them at this moment, and of the esteem which I have ever entertained for their signal services." The brave soldier, who had so often faced death with unconcern, was astounded at this touching spectacle, and bathed in tears could with difficulty retire. His Imperial Majesty further ordered that the Colonel and a soldier of each of the corps of the 1st Line should be sent for to come and receive from him similar testimonies of his remembrance.

Ibrahim Pacha, who is nicknamed *Le Fort*, or the Powerful, has been in rather a bad way in Syria; nearly beaten, and, by the last accounts, *wounded* and besieged in Jerusalem.

Mehemed Ali, after a month's absence to Syria, returned to Egypt with his fleet in the beginning of Aug. This prince or viceroy is quite a *rara avis*; he drinks wine, is very friendly with the St. Simonians, and has [illegible]

The Tempest dramatized at Paris.—The French have dramatized Shakspeare's difficult and mysterious play of the Tempest into a ballet for the Grand Opera of Paris, with all the magnificent scenic illusions for which that great theatre is so celebrated and unrivalled. But, as usual, they have taken the liberty of making great alterations. Caliban, misshapen and gross a thing as he is, is made, nevertheless, quite, a *dandy*, stooping down to pick up Miranda's *mouchoir*, &c. Oberon, her protector the ethereal fairy, wears boots and pantaloons, and rhymes to her in coarse doggrels, after this fashion:

> Voulez-vous des bijoux.
> Un cachemire?
> Voulez-vous un epoux?
> Je vous voir rire.

Fanny Essler, the celebrated *danseuse*, who so charmed the late Duke of Reichstadt, (young Napoleon) enacts Miranda, and is the charm of the piece. She is said to dance almost upon the air, so exquisitely beautiful are her movements. When the piece was brought out, Taglioni was in her box, and applauded her rival.

Don Miguel, it is said, is inviting many British officers into his service, preparatory to an expedition which he meditates upon Portugal, to set out from Holland.

The Marriage of Donna Maria with Prince Leuchtenburg, has been ratified by both Chambers.

The Vapor of Barcelona of the 19th inst. gives the following Order of the day, issued on the preceding day by the Captain-General Llander:—"The Commandant of Igualada has informed me that General Romagosa has just been brought to him as a prisoner, having been captured at the village of Selma, together with the baliff and priest of the place. Romagosa landed on the 12th, having come from Genoa for the purpose of exciting the loyal inhabitants of Catalonia to rebellion. There were found upon him 250 ozs. of gold, together with some proclamations and other papers signed by him as Lieutenant-General and Governor of Catalonia for the Pretender. He, together with those who received and harbored him, will to-day undergo the penalty of death awarded against all rebels."

The Marquis of Amarillas has been chosen President of the Spanish Cortez, in place of General Castagnon, resigned.

A convent, which served as a barrack, distant 5 miles from Lisbon, has been destroyed by fire, and in it perished 300 soldiers, women and children.

Paganini.—A most ferocious attack is made in the French Journals upon this extraordinary man, for having unfeelingly refused to play at a charity concert for the benefit of the poor, whose property was so much destroyed by the late storms in France. He is accused of being destitute of all feeling and sympathy but for gold; he is taunted with the riches which Parisian generosity has poured into his coffers; he is denounced as a pale faced cadaver, with the horrible smile of an idiot stenographed on his features; his heart is declared to be canker eaten with the miserly passion of avarice; his conduct is disparingly compared with the liberality of other artists, and the French people are called upon to shun him, and turn from him with horror. He plead, as an excuse, that he was returning to Italy; but the Parisians say it was because a concert for charity would not afford any means to satisfy his thirst for lucre.

The Moniteur Algerien, a French paper at Algiers, announces some appointment made by the government among the Arabs. Thus: Sidi Aoued ben Abdelkader, cadi of Belida, raised to the functions of Mufty Maleki at Algiers, &c.

Arnault, the author of Marius and Germanicus, is dead, aged 68.

The Duke of Broglie has been appointed by Louis Philippe one of the vice presidents of the Chamber of Peers.

Mr. Duchatel, the minister of Commerce, who Americans well recollect was raised to the cabinet for having advocated our treaty in the Chamber, has become enamoured of the doctrine of "Free Trade;" but in the modification which he proposes in the French tariff, wishes to shift the responsibility of the alterations in the tariff upon the different chambers of commerce throughout the kingdom to whom he has accordingly appealed for information. The *monopolists*, opposed to free trade, and who wish to tax the great mass of the people for their benefit consist of about *one-twentieth* only of the population.

Political Gambling in stocks is now reduced, and long has been so, to perfect trade: particularly on the celebrated Bourse of Paris. The most trivial incidents whatever, of a public nature—the marching of a platoon of soldiers, the sailing of a frigate, the recal of an ambassador or courier, &c., cause immediate fluctuations in the prices of stocks, and immense speculations ensue, resulting perhaps, in the succeeding twenty-four hours, in total ruin to the parties, and numerous suicides. It would seem recently that we were aping the Parisians in this respect in our *betting* on the results of our different elections.

M. Ladareau, a rich capitalist, who has just died at Paris, has left, it is said, a singular will. He has directed that his apartment, and that of his wife, who has been dead several years, shall be hung with black, and so remain for six years. Every three months they are to be opened for the purpose of being swept and scoured, and this is to be done in the presence of the executor, who is a notary.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, November 8, 1834.

Publication Office, No. 36 Carter's Alley, opposite the Girard Bank.

☞ Advertisements from a distance, are not inserted in the Saturday Evening Post, unless paid for in advance.

ORNAMENTAL TREES.

We last week noticed the proceedings of an "Ornamental Tree Society," which were calculated to beautify and adorn an already beautiful village of New England.

What a cheap and delightful pleasure it would be, for the citizens of many of our towns, to take upon themselves the task of beautifying their streets and public grounds, with *handsome* trees. And that it may be *well* done, when it is done, we would recommend them to apply to our friend Col. Carr, at the Bartram Botanic Garden, on the Banks of Schuylkill, who has an everlasting variety of the most beautiful plants and trees, and whose urbanity and attention to visiters is not to be surpassed. See his advertisement in another column to-day.

BECKFORD'S ITALY.

We regret the accidental omission, for two weeks of an extract from this new and very interesting publication of Messrs. Key & Biddle. We are again compelled to defer its appearance till next week.

HALL OF INDUSTRY.

Among the novelties now in our city, the attraction at the corner of Chesnut and Fifth streets stands conspicuous. In addition to the beautiful *machinery*, by which cotton is carded, spun, wove, &c. by the power of dogs, which has delighted thousands, several other curiosities may be named. The Automaton Writing Lady—Theatre des Illusions—Legerdemain—several very curious Androides, and the Italian Polichinello, constitute a various and diverting entertainment, to youth as well as to grown persons.

We have to complain of the negligence of many postmasters, who allow our publications to be received months and years in their post-offices, when they are not taken up by subscribers.

The following letter is a case in point.

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

LANCASTER, (Ohio) Oct. 25, 1834.

SIR:—You are hereby notified that the paper addressed to Wm. R. Williamson, and sent to this office, is not taken out, nor am I acquainted with a person of that name in this place; the papers still remain here, and I wish you to direct what I am to do with them.

Yours, respectfully, &c.

H. DRUM, P. M.

The Post, directed to Mr. Williamson, at Lancaster, Ohio, has been sent to that post office for full two years past, and the above is the first intimation we have received that it has not been regularly taken out of the office. What are we to think of this proceeding? Has the postmaster at Lancaster, received Mr. Williamson's paper during the whole of that time, or has Mr. Williamson lately removed? If the latter inference is correct, Mr. Drum has neglected his duty, in not sending us word; if the former, Mr. D. will oblige us by sending on the amount of two years' subscription.

We have just received a paper returned with the words on the margin—"discontinue,—subscriber dead." The post-office that it came from, is not named, and the name of the subscriber torn from off the paper. How are we to guess what subscriber is alluded to, or what post-office?

A gentleman informs us that he discontinued the Saturday Evening Post, at Camden, S. C., by a request to the postmaster, in 1828, and yet that same postmaster allowed the paper to be forwarded to the address till 1832, without informing us of the fact. There were more than *thirty-five* years of delinquencies on subscriptions of this paper alone at the same office, between 1828 and 1832, presumed to arise from the same cause.

These are some of the grievances to which newspaper publishers are liable, under the present post-office arrangements. They are intolerable.

PHILADELPHIA.—PENNSYLVANIA.

We have just conversed with a gentleman who has spent some time, recently, in Pittsburgh, and who was, while there, an attentive observer of what was going on in the way of internal improvement advances. He confirms the position we have all along taken, that the public are not at all aware in general of the immense advantages which the opening of the main line of the Pennsylvania Canal will entail on our state. The trade already seen on it, is the merest foretaste—a feather, in comparison with what it will be next season, and the point of a feather, to what it will rapidly grow. There is no extravagance in any anticipations of the most sanguine, provided the country is not convulsed by any great intestine, or foreign difficulties. Our late New Orleans papers, give some facts respecting the trade of that place, which are just now interesting: in anticipation of the fall business, there was at New Orleans, on the 21st of October, sixty vessels, some of them of the largest class; more than fifty were on their way to that port, to be ready for the descending cotton, tobacco, hams, lard, pork, and other produce. Ten thousand bales of cotton, had, at that early date, changed hands, and there was every indication of a large business being done; cotton is high this year, and the planters are to reap a rich harvest.

It may fairly be presumed, if indeed it be not satisfactorily ascertained already, that a large amount of this great trade, will be diverted from the depot of New Orleans; her river has been tapped at its source, and we have found already, cotton and tobacco making their way, *against stream*, to the wharves of Philadelphia, by which it saves a commission and insurance, without costing any more freight. All these matters require a little time to effect so great a revolution, but no one, we venture to say, can visit Pittsburgh for a week, and become a spectator of the arrival of the canal boats from Philadelphia, steam-boats from New Orleans, St. Louis, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, &c. without a feeling of pride, at the gigantic nature of the natural and artificial channels, provided to accommodate the industry of man; to facilitate the exchange of the elegancies, the conveniences, and the necessities of a great and intelligent community. Coffee, sugar, crockery, &c. &c. have, for half a century almost, been regularly brought up the Mississippi and Ohio, to Louisville, &c. for distribution, because the wagoning over the mountains was too expensive. That expense has at once been reduced *two-thirds*, by the opening of the Pennsylvania Canal; twenty per cent will still be taken off as the trade increases!

We have seen in some candid articles in a Louisville paper, an acknowledgment, that no other result could be anticipated, than an almost total prostration of the depot business, by which their merchants have been so long profiting. They see that the merchants of Ohio, Kentucky, &c. &c. will receive their goods direct from Philadelphia, and will store up the products of their neighbourhood for direct barter with us. The writer of these confessions, anticipates this result, with no very great fears for the prosperity of Louisville; for, he says, trade will be so greatly increased by this opening as to leave many channels, by which those interested may embark in profitable investments. We only now mention this, to show that abroad, the effect is already begun to be witnessed.

We have also conversed with a gentleman interested in the construction of the Breakwater; he gives us to understand that that important work progresses rapidly, and is already in a condition to afford protection to vessels in a storm. Here let us stop, and taking up any map of the United States, look at the enviable position enjoyed by Philadelphia, and our highly prosperous State. *She* is not only near the sea, but she is the very centre and soul of internal improvements. Her foreign, and sea board commerce, already very great, is becoming every year of greater importance and profit. Three hundred vessels, it is ascertained, arrive here on an average, every month; fourteen hundred have cleared in one period of seven months, with freights of coal alone: it is to this trade that we are to look for permanancy in our coasting commerce; the certainty of obtaining this important article as a return cargo, brings hundreds of vessels, of all sizes, to our wharves, which would otherwise seek other markets. The produce of Massachusetts and Connecticut, is thus landed here at the smallest possible freight: though this branch of our future prosperity is yet in its infancy, it may reasonably be expected, from the experience already had, to double itself in a very short time. *Next Spring*, we name as one of the most important eras in the history of Pennsylvania, and we will say here, that builders of canal boats need not slacken their exertions this winter, for every boat that can be brought into use, may certainly calculate on doing a profitable business. Next Spring, we shall have the varied products of all climes to transport, to employ the tonnage of this and other ports, to waft it to distant and profitable markets, and proving by facts, that the commercial interests of each class, are so interwoven, as to reward the most enlarged concert of action. We shall see many goods, which, but for our Canal, would have been shipped for Europe, *from New Orleans,—loaded at our wharves.* We repeat, that we have as yet had only a taste of this new fruit, but it has whetted our appetites for a larger slice. In the language of an eloquent writer, we now sit in the very centre of trade and commerce—we beckon to the West, and she showers her richest treasures at our feet;—and the East, already tributary, views us only as her grand depot, to which she must resort, as to the great Congress of merchants.

In these anticipations, there is no fancy—their realizations are no longer fables, nor shall we be accused of vain boasting, though there may be thousands of our readers, who, not having their attention called to the facts, or mayhap, never having taken up a map for the purposes of investigation, have not as yet realized the condition of things, which only remain to be completed, by establishing a line of steam tow-boats, from Philadelphia to the Breakwater. This must and will be done, as the trade increases, as the great chain from St. Louis to the mouth of the Delaware Bay, is imperfect without its addition. This would effect a revolution in our foreign commerce, and place us on an equality with New York, nay, even in a more desirable position. Our Bay is well known to be much safer to enter, and is now becoming still more so: all we want to compete with our neighbours successfully, even in this, is to avoid the slight delay in getting up to the wharves and back again, as at New Orleans, to where sails may be freely unfurled to the breeze. The Coal Trade alone, would suffice to pay a handsome dividend, on the small capital necessary to establish a regular line of tow-boats from the Breakwater to our wharves, and it will be, unquestionably, ere long in operation.

Entertaining these views of the present position and future prospects of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, it shall be our duty as well as pleasure, to promulgate all the facts of the case as they transpire, and to keep our numerous readers apprised of the events that are following so rapidly on the heel of our vast expenditures. All the other states are looking to Pennsylvania to witness the results of the noblest system of enterprise boasted of by any country. Under these circumstances, the proprietor is preparing a handsome coloured map of Pennsylvania, to be issued in the January Number of the Casket, which will exhibit, at a glance, all the rail-roads and canals in the state; the locality of the coal regions will all be noted; the number of inhabitants in each county enumerated, and the whole accompanied with copious letter-press descriptions. This is intended to embrace all the prominent topics connected with the internal improvement system and coal trade, and it will also enter into some particulars of an interesting character respecting the state at large, forming, as much as our limits will permit, a work of reference for those interested wherever their residence may be. The map, formed from the most recent surveys, and compiled with great care from the very best authorities, is in a forward state, while a gentleman in whom we place confidence for the performance of the task, is industriously engaged on the letter-press to accompany it; no disappointment can therefore occur in its publication, and we confidently appeal to the execution as an evidence of our desire to gratify the curiosity, and impart information to an intelligent community. It will be attended with considerable expense, but this is gladly incurred in behalf of so laudable an object.

TEXAS.

Public inquiry and attention have recently been directed to Texas, in consequence of numerous publications, holding out strong inducements to emigrants. From all we can learn in relation to this country, it possesses peculiar advantages for agriculturists. It borders on our south-western frontier, and is separated from the state of Louisiana, by the river Sabine. The territory is equal, in extent, to that of France—is watered by fine rivers, and possesses a soil surpassed by no other in richness and fertility. Wheat, rye, oats, as well as cotton and tobacco, are raised in great abundance. The climate is represented as mild and healthy, there being no marshes and swamps, except in the neighbourhood of rivers, which occasionally overflow in the spring of the year.

The face of the country is generally level, and a great portion of it consists of immense prairies. The sea-coast is not less than 350 miles long, and affords, by means of its numerous rivers, intercourse at a great number of points, with the gulf of Mexico. Texas, according to late writers, has been formed into a separate judicial district, with a native of the United States at the head of it, and an organization of courts similar to our own. The proceedings are required to be in the English language, and the right of trial by jury is secured. Religious freedom is also enjoyed by law. The province is not affected by the political changes and commotions in Mexico; and the centre of it is 1500 miles distant from the city of Mexico. It is stated, that at present there is not a Mexican soldier in it. A regular land law was enacted last year, which gives additional facilities for obtaining land for a mere nominal price. A tract of 177 acres, can be obtained for $10, the purchaser paying the surveyor's fees. In regard to the society of the interior of Texas, Mr. J. W. Fannin, Jr., the correspondent of the Columbus Enquirer, declares that "he has never seen as good in any new and frontier settlement in the United States. It is true many bad men have fled from justice to this country, and have found a safe asylum in that of Texas. The same objection may be and was raised against Georgia and Alabama, in their early settlements, and indeed every state in the West." He concludes, by urgently recommending his friends to abandon the *gullies* of Georgia, and emigrate to Texas; and in the account by the trustees of the Texas Land Company, this region is called the paradise of brute animals, and the land of promise to man.

SHOCKING DEPRAVITY.

At a recent session of the Superior Court of Stokes County, N. Carolina, William Gibson, a lad about 13 years old, was put upon his trial for the murder of his sister, a child younger than himself. It seems that on some squabble taking place between them about cooking some food, when no one was about the house but these two, the lad deliberately sharpened a case knife and cut the little girl's throat in such a manner that she immediately died. On being charged with the act, he acknowledged it, but at first gave different reasons for doing it from what he afterwards assigned. On the trial he appeared quite unconcerned at what was going on, and although the *Jury acquitted* him on account of a *deficiency of intellect*, many thought that his apathy of manner was the effect of vicious examples, with which he was proven to have been familiar from his earliest childhood. His whole associations, it is said, have been of the most depraved character, and it seemed a matter of surprise to every one that such a state of morals, as this trial exposed, should exist in a civilized country.

NAVY DEPARTMENT.

Extract of a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, by Capt. Henry E. Ballard, dated U. S. frigate U. States, Nauplia de Romania, August 22d, 1834.

"I do myself the honor to inform you, that in obedience to my instructions, I reached this anchorage three days ago from a cruise amongst the Islands—all well—and that I shall sail for Athens and Smyrna, as soon as the land breeze comes to us to-night.

"We had the pleasure to learn, a day or two previous to our leaving Vourla, (about the 11th inst.) that the Commander in Chief was at Alexandria, in the Delaware, all well.

"The young King of Greece did me the honor to visit my ship yesterday, for two hours, and, together with his Ministry, expressed themselves highly delighted with the order and condition she is in, as well as with the kind reception given them."

TAXES IN ENGLAND.—The following very curious document is copied from a manuscript of the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, preserved in the British Museum:—"In the year 1600, the last year but one of Queen Elizabeth, the whole of the public revenue amounted to no more than 600,000*l* per annum. In the year 1633, the 8th year of King Charles the First, to 800,000*l*; in 1660, the 12th of Charles the Second, to 1,200,000*l*; in 1686, the 2d of James the Second, to 1,900,000*l*; in 1714, the 12th of Queen Anne, to 3,200,000*l*; in 1751, the 25th of George the Second, to nearly 6,000,000*l*; in 1765, the 5th year of George the Third, to 10,300,000*l*. Thus, from Queen Elizabeth to Charles the Second's time the public burdens were doubled, being a space of about 60 years; and from thence to the last of Queen Anne's reign, about 54 years, nearly trebled; from 1714 to 1751 that again nearly doubled; and what is still more extraordinary, this last enormous burden increased from 6,000,000*l*. to upwards of 10,000,000*l*, in the narrow compass of 4 years, being from 1751 to 1765.

THE CAFFERS.

The habits of this singular tribe of Africans, residing in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, have not been furnished to the inhabitants of the civilized world. Kay's travels in Caffraria, lately published, throws a good deal of light on the subject, and the last number of the North American Review, contains an interesting review of the work, from which we extract the following:

"The apparel of the Caffers is made wholly of the skins of beasts, excepting those cases only, which may be noticed hereafter, where the customs of their civilized neighbours have been introduced among them. These changes have occurred at and about the missionary stations; and may generally be considered,—taking into view the attachment which all barbarians (as well as some partly civilized people) feel for old customs,—as a tolerably accurate indication of the more important intellectual and moral advances, to which they commonly correspond.

The imitative propensity as well as the communicative, it is worth noting, are universally traits in the African character,—in which, by the way, they differ diametrically from our Indians,—and such as may be pronounced of the first interest in reference to the competency and tendency of their possessors to a state of civilization. The social disposition is indeed often carried to an extent which most travellers, if not missionaries, would call meddlesome and troublesome, not to say ridiculous. The Landers, we well remember, were not a little amused by a native, who, after indulging his curiosity in a pretty free examination of the premises, baggage and all, not meeting with any thing which suited his taste better for a hat, finally encircled his cranium with the tin top of a jelly pot, which was marked in large letters 'concentrated gravy,' and in that guise grinningly strutted about the encampment, with all the dandy dignity of a Bond street beau.

Mr. Kay somewhere remarks, that the Caffer lady, in what may be called the chrysalis stage of transmutation, is not unfrequently seen promenading, in the vicinity of the mission houses, with an English petticoat suspended from the neck, instead of the waist, while the gentleman in attendance makes himself nearly as conspicuous, by sporting for a gala dress, a pair of leather trowsers, surmounted by a check shirt. So they can get on any thing civilized, and keep it on, by hook or crook, it matters not of what material the decorations may be made, or in what order they are fastened to the frame of the wearers. Our natives have been much slower to imitate, and still more awkward also in the process. Witness the tradition transmitted by the Dutch party who first landed on Manhattoes. They made a donation of stockings and axes,—two valuable articles,—to the chiefs of the party which entertained them; and when the visit was repeated the next season, it was ascertained that the stockings had been converted into tobacco pouches, while the axes were generally used for bosom pins. In regard to the taste of the Caffers in matters of dress, we shall add only, that ornaments of various kinds are extensively worn. These consist chiefly of beads, bones, feathers, and metallic bracelets, some thirty of the latter being occasionally seen on the arms of a great man, that is, a stout man; to all which the same dignified class often append, like the chiefs of the Northern African tribes, the elegant embellishment of a cow's tail, swung from the knee.

As might be expected, the principal aliment of these tribes is milk, which they use like the Arabs, in a sour curdled state; next to this article, boiled corn, (Indian)—for they cultivate, after a fashion, considerable tracts of fertile land; and more generally, a species of millet, also pumpkins, a kind of sugar-cane, gourds, fruits, and a few esculent roots of minor importance. The use of animal food is rare. Veal is objectionable in an economical view—on the same principle, (according to Mr. Kay's apparent ideas of the Caffer theory,) which would render bad policy for a man to eat his daughter or 'the wife of his bosom.' Swines' flesh, it is remarkable, is rejected by the Caffers with abhorrence. The same is the case with the feathered tribe to some extent; none of them keep poultry of any sort; and eggs, as an article of food, are altogether contraband. Nay, these scrupulous gentry will have nothing to do with the fish of the sea, which they for the most part regard as company only for snakes, and no more fit to be food of a gentleman. So that, although these people live almost wholly on or near the coast, the entire line of which abounds with the choicest fish, they are ignorant even of the casting net.

Neither will they eat elephants' flesh on any occasion, or even undertake, like the Hindoos, to domesticate that animal. This is the more remarkable, since he is always regarded as favorite game, and the passage of a herd in the neighbourhood of a hamlet, is the signal for a general hue and cry. The explanation given to Mr. Kay, whether *bona-fide* or not, we cannot decide,—was, that the elephant is too sagacious, too much like man himself, to be used for food. Their respect for him appears, at all events, from their hunting habits. They approach him from behind, so as to elude the glance of his eye, and when thus engaged in killing him, it is not a little amusing, says our informant, to hear them lauding the animal, and crying, '*Don't kill us, great captain; don't tread up on us, mighty chief*,'—plying him lustily meanwhile with their spears, and raising a tremendous shout the instant the animal falls. The tusks are the prize sought for. One of them falls to the lot of him who first pierces the game with his weapon, and the other to the chief of the party."

TREATMENT OF THE HORSE.

The following observations on the education of the horse are admirable. They are from *Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau*. The writer is facetious in the beginning at the expense of the Germans; but they know how to take a joke, and there is no people that can better bear one, for none excels them in strength of head and soundness of heart.

TREATMENT OF HORSES.—In England there is no surer recipe known for making a pair of horses suddenly run away with one's carriage, than by taking off their blinkers to allow them to see it; but though our method decidedly suits us the best, yet in Germany the whole system of managing horses, from beginning to end, is completely different from ours. Whether there is most of the horse in a German, or of the German in a horse, is a nice point on which people might argue a great deal; but the broad fact really is, that Germans live on more amicable terms with their horses, and understand their dispositions infinitely better than the English: in short, they treat them as horses, while we act towards them, and drill them, as if they were men, and in case any one should doubt that Germans are better horsemasters than we are, I beg to remind them of what is perfectly well known in the British army—namely, that in the Peninsular war the cavalry horses of the German legion were absolutely fat, while those of our regiments were skin and bone. In a former chapter I have already endeavoured to explain, that instead of reigning a horse's head *up*, as we do, for draught, the Germans encourage the animal to keep it *down*; but besides this, in all their other arrangements they invariably attend to the temper, character, and instinct of the beast. For instance, in harness they intrust these sensible animals (who are never known to forget what they have once seen) with the free use of their eyes. Their horses see the wheel strike a stone, and they avoid the next one; if they drag the carriage against a post, they again observe the effect; and seeing at all times what is behind them, they know that by kicking they would hurt themselves: when passengers and postilion dismount, from attentive observation, they are as sensible as we are that the draught will suddenly become less, and consequently, rejoicing at being thus left to themselves, instead of wishing to run away, they invariably are disposed to stand still. As soon as, getting tired, or, as we are often too apt to term it, "lazy," they see the postillion threaten them with his whip, they know perfectly well the limits of his patience, and that after eight, ten, or twelve threats, there will come a blow; as they travel along, one eye is always shrewdly watching the driver—the moment he begins the heavy operation of lighting his pipe, they immediately slacken their pace, knowing, as well as Archimedes could have proved, that he cannot strike fire and them at the same time; every movement in the carriage they remark; and to any accurate observer who meets a German vehicle, it must often be perfectly evident that the poor horses know and feel, even better than himself, that they are drawing a coachman, and three heavy baronesses with their maid, and that to do that on a hot summer's day, is—no joke.—When their driver urges them to proceed, he does it by degrees: and they are stopped, not as bipeds, but in the manner quadrupeds would stop themselves. Now, though we all like our own way the best, let us for a moment (merely while the horses are feeding) contrast with the above description our English mode of treating a horse.—In order to break in the animal to the draught we put a collar round his neck, a crupper under his tail, a pad on his back, a strap round his belly, with traces at his sides, and lest he should see that, though these things tickle and pinch, they have not power to do more, the poor intelligent creature is blinded with blinkers; and in this fearful state of ignorance, with a groom or two at his head and another at his side, he is, without his knowledge, fixed to the pole and splinter-bar of a carriage. If he kicks, even at a fly, he suddenly receives a heavy punishment which he does not comprehend—something has struck him, and has hurt him severely; but, as fear magnifies all danger, so, for aught we know or care, he may fancy that the splinter-bar, which has cut him, is some hostile animal, and expect, when the pole bumps against his legs, to be again assailed in that direction. Admitting that in time he gets accustomed to these phenomena, becoming what we term steady in harness, still, to the last hour of his existence, he does not clearly understand what it is that is hampering him, or what is that rattling noise which is always at his heels; the sudden sting of the whip is a pain with which he gets but too well acquainted, yet the "unde derivatur" of the sensation he cannot explain—he neither knows when it is coming, nor where it comes from. If any trifling accident, or even irregularity, occurs—If any little harmless strap, which ought to rest upon his back, happens to fall to his side—the poor, noble, intelligent animal, deprived of his eyesight, the natural lanterns of the mind, is instantly alarmed; and though, from constant heavy draught, he may literally, without metaphor, be on his last legs, yet if his blinkers should happen to fall off, the sight of his own master—of his very own pimple-faced mistress—and of his own fine yellow carriage in motion—would scare him so dreadfully, that off he would probably start, and the more they all pursued him the faster would he fly!

FACTS.—Deaf persons may converse together through rods of wood held between the teeth, or held to their throat or breast.

In water, sound passes 4,708 feet in a second; in air, 1,140.

In the arctic regions persons converse at more than a mile distant when the thermometer is below zero.

From the N. Y. Gazette, of Thursday.

Kings' county has given a Jackson majority of 562 votes. In Westchester county, the state stands as follows:

	Nov. 1834.		1832.	
	Seward.	*Marcy.*	*Granger.*	*Marcy.*
White Plains,	48	67	61	64
Greenburgh,	149	196	140	168
Scarsdale,	4	36	10	35
Harrison,	40	93	47	98
Pelham,	15	31	8	31
Mamaroneck,		35 maj.		10 maj.
New Rochelle,		15 maj.		93 maj.
	256	475	266	501

Jackson loss in these towns 17.

Albany has given a small Whig majority. In most of the towns along the river, the vote is almost the same for each party as it was in 1832. It is, of course, impossible to tell, at this early day, the result throughout the state.

We are highly gratified with the fact, that our excited election has passed off in the most peaceable manner. New York in this respect, stands upon most enviable ground, which we trust will always be maintained on future occasions.

LAUREL FLOUR MILLS.

We have experienced much gratification, through the politeness of our enterprising fellow-citizen, NATHAN TYSON, Esq. in a visit which we have made to Laurel Mills, of which that gentleman is the proprietor, with the view of examining an improvement which he has adopted in the mode of kiln drying wheat flour. We have derived so much pleasure from the investigation of this important subject, that we have determined to direct the attention of our readers to it, and we offer no apology for the length of our remarks, believing that our mercantile friends, to whom the subject cannot fail to be interesting, will be gratified with an account of it, however imperfect it may be.

The apparatus consists of an arched brick chamber, containing two furnaces for burning Anthracite, and two capacious cylinders of tin placed diagonally, through which the flour, when manufactured, passes at a temperature of about 220°. The flour, thus losing a large portion of its moisture, is then conveyed into the packing room, and, when cooled, packed for transportation.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of this fixture, and the obvious improvement it makes in the keeping properties of the flour, it is somewhat singular, when every one who has reflected upon this subject has admitted the necessity of some such contrivance, that it should not have been put in operation earlier. The present mode is the result of a series of experiments made by Mr. Tyson, and, we are happy to say, has so fully answered his expectations as to induce him to obtain a patent for its construction.

To the western country this improvement is of incalculable value, and will render it the granary of North America. With one of these simple fixtures, which can be attached at small expense to any flour mill in the country, the millers of western Pennsylvania and Ohio will be able to count with certainty upon their flour arriving at New Orleans as sweet as when first made, and to insure its safety for an indefinite period of time in any climate.

As we examined the noiseless movement of this efficient machine, and the cloud of vapour passing from it, we were forcibly impressed with a sense of its importance to the whole country; that, in usefulness, it will compare with the cotton gin of Whitney, or the Spinning Jenny of Arkwright, and that it will give a stability to the business on the Western waters which they could never have otherwise attained.

It has been ascertained by experiment, that flour manufactured in this manner has remained in Gibraltar two years perfectly sweet, that the unfavorable climate of Liberia has produced no impression upon it, proving sweet after remaining in store for upwards of twelve months, and that the same results have been ascertained in the West India Islands. Several cargoes have been shipped round Cape Horn, some parts of which have returned, and have been found in as good order as when first manufactured, and wherever the experiment has been tried, it has proved entirely successful, and the flour produced $1.50 more than the flour of any other brand.

We invite the attention of the public to this subject, and those immediately interested in the manufacture of flour will derive much interest from an inspection of the mode of its preparation.

We cannot give a stronger evidence of the utility of this apparatus, and the rich harvest which the proprietor will realise from his discovery, than the opinion of one of our most respected and extensive merchants, whose judgment upon this subject will have great influence, not only here but abroad, and with whose certificate we close our remarks.

"I do hereby certify, that I have purchased from time to time a considerable quantity of dried flour, which I shipped to the West Indies and South America; say Brazils, and round Cape Horn. That in every instance the flour kept sweet for years in almost any climate. Signed, WM. PATTERSON.

Baltimore, February 15th, 1834.—*Balt. Gazette.*

SAGACITY OF THE BEDOUINS.—The last number of the Biblical Repository, contains copious extracts from "Burckhardt's Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys," a most interesting work, a few of which, only, have been received in this country.—We extract the following, showing to what an astonishing degree the Bedouin Arabs possess the faculty of tracing *footsteps in the sand*:

Here I must offer some observations on a talent which the Bedouins possess, in common with the free Indians of America—the faculty of distinguishing footsteps, both of men and beasts, upon the ground. In the American woods the impression is made, upon grass, in Arabia upon sand; and in the examination of these impressions, the Americans and the Arabs are, perhaps, equally skilful. Although it may be said, that almost every Bedouin acquires, by practice, some knowledge in this art, yet a few only of the most enterprising and active men excel in it. The Arab, who has applied himself diligently to the study of foot-steps, can generally ascertain, from inspecting the impression, to what individual of his own, or of a neighboring tribe, the foot-step belongs; and therefore is able to judge whether it was a stranger who passed, or a friend. He likewise knows, from the slightness or depth of the impression, whether the man who made it carried a load or not. From the strength or faintness of the trace, he can also tell whether the man passed on the same day, or one or two days before. From a certain regularity of intervals between the steps, a Bedouin can judge whether the man whose feet left the impression was fatigued or not; as, after fatigue, the pace becomes more irregular, and the intervals unequal. Hence he can calculate the chance of overtaking a man.

Besides all this, every Arab knows the printed footsteps of his own camels, and of those belonging to his immediate neighbors. He knows by the depth or slightness of the impression whether a camel was pasturing, and therefore not carrying any load, or mounted by one person only, or heavily laden. If the marks of the two fore feet appear to be deeper in the sand than those of the hind feet, he concludes that the camel had a weak breast, and this serves him as a clue to ascertain the owner. In fact, a Bedouin, from the impressions of a camel's or of his driver's footsteps, draws so many conclusions, that he always learns something concerning the beast or its owner; and in some cases this mode of acquiring knowledge appears almost supernatural. The Bedouin sagacity in this respect is wonderful, and becomes particularly useful in the pursuit of fugitives, or in searching after cattle.

I have seen a man discover and trace the footsteps of his camel in a sandy valley, where thousands of other footsteps crossed the road in every direction; and this person could tell the name of every one who had passed there in the course of that morning. I myself found it often useful to know the impression made by the feet of my own companions and camels; as from circumstances which inevitably occur in the desert, travellers are sometimes separated from their friends. In passing through dangerous districts, the Bedouin guides will seldom permit a townsman or stranger to walk by the side of his camel. If he wears shoes, every Bedouin who passes will know by the impression that some townsman has travelled that way; and if he walks barefooted, the mark of his step, less full than that of a Bedouin, immediately betrays the foot of a townsman, little accustomed to walk. It is therefore to be apprehended, that the Bedouins, who regard every townsman as a rich man, might suppose him loaded with valuable property, and accordingly set out in pursuit of him. A keen Bedouin guide is constantly and exclusively occupied during his march in examining footsteps, and frequently alights from his camel to acquire certainty respecting their nature. I have known instances of camels being traced by their masters, during a distance of six days' journey, to the dwelling of the man who had stolen them.

Many secret transactions are brought to light by this knowledge of the *Athr*, or "footsteps;" and a Bedouin can scarcely hope to escape detection in any clandestine proceeding, as his passage is recorded upon the road in characters that every one of his Arabian neighbors can read.

COMMERCIAL PROSPECTS OF N. ORLEANS.

The New Orleans Bee of the 21st ult. gives the following encouraging account of the ensuing business season.

There is, says that paper, every indication that business will be very brisk this season. Already there are more than sixty vessels at our landing, among which are several very large ships. More than fifty are on their way hither, and it cannot be many days hence before the Mississippi will be covered with vessels and steamboats laden with the most valuable products of the globe.

It is said, that ten thousand bales of cotton of the new crop, has changed hands within the last eight or ten days. The prices have varied from 14 to 15 cents per lb. Eight hhds. tobacco, superior quality, has been sold during the same period, at $7,50 per cwt., 2 do. 2d quality, at $6,25, and 1 do. do. at $5,25.

CURIOUS.—The schooner Exit, Saxon master, cleared at our Custom House, this morning, for Savannah, with only one article of cargo, as specified in the manifest—"Roose, female black slave, 45 years, 5 feet four," owned and shipped by the master.—*Boston Trans.*

A NICE POINT OF LAW.—Blackstone, speaking of the right of a wife to dower, asserts that if land abide in the husband for a single moment, the wife shall be endowed thereof; and he adds in a note that this doctrine was extended very far by a jury in Wales, where the father and son were both hanged in one cart; but the son was supposed to have survived the father, by appearing to struggle the longest, whereby he became seized of an estate by survivorship, in consequence of which seisin his widow obtained a verdict for her dower.

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bicknell, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detecter, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 6, 1834.

Article	Unit	From	To
ASHES....			
Pot,	cwt	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pearl,		[illegible]	[illegible]
BUTTER.			
Fresh,	lb	[illegible]	[illegible]
Keg No. 1		[illegible]	[illegible]
No. 1		[illegible]	[illegible]
No. 2		[illegible]	[illegible]
COAL.			
Lehigh,	ton	4 50	5
Schuylkill,		4 75	5
COFFEE...Duty free.			
Java,		[illegible]	[illegible]
St. Domingo,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Porto Rico,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Cuba,		11	12
Maracaibo		11	12
Laguira,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Jamaica,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Rio,		[illegible]	[illegible]
COTTON...Duty 3cts per lb.			
Louisiana,		14	16
Mobile,		13	15
N. Ala. and Ten.		13	15
S. C. and Geo.		13	15
N. C. and Va.		13	15
FREIGHTS.			
To Pittsburgh per wagon,	100lbs	1 75	2
do. via canal,		1	[illegible]
Wheeling, per wag.		2	
FLOUR and MEAL.			
Superfine,	bbl	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fine,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Rye,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Middling,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Corn meal,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do.	in hhds	[illegible]	[illegible]
GRAIN.			
Rye Pennsylv.		[illegible]	[illegible]
Rye, Southern,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Wheat, Pennsylv.		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. South.	bush	[illegible]	[illegible]
Corn, L. C. white,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. L. C. yellow,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. U. C. round,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Oats, Pennsylv.		[illegible]	[illegible]
Southern,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Barley, Eastern,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. Pennsyl.		[illegible]	[illegible]
HEMP.			
1st sort,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
MOLASSES...duty 5 cts per [illegible]			
New Orleans,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Sugar-house,			
do. N. York,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. Philad.		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. Steam,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Trinidad,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Porto Rico,		[illegible]	[illegible]
English French Isl.		[illegible]	[illegible]
Hav. & Matanzas,		[illegible]	[illegible]
MACKEREL.			
No. 1.	bbl	[illegible]	[illegible]
No. 2.		[illegible]	[illegible]
No. 3.		[illegible]	[illegible]
OIL.			
Linseed Am. from store,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. Dutch,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Whale,	gal.	31	35
Sperm, winter,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. summer,		[illegible]	[illegible]
PLASTER PARIS.			
in Delaware,	ton	[illegible]	[illegible]
in Schuylkill,		[illegible]	[illegible]
SEEDS.			
Clover,	bush	[illegible]	[illegible]
Flaxseed, rough,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. clean,	cask	[illegible]	[illegible]
Timothy,	cask	16	
Herds,	bush	[illegible]	[illegible]
Orchard grass,		[illegible]	[illegible]
WHISKEY.			
Rye, in bbls		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. hhds		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. from wagons		[illegible]	[illegible]
WOOL.			
Prime, Saxony fleece		[illegible]	[illegible]
Am. wash. full bl'd,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. ¾ blood,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. ½ blood,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. ¼ and com.		[illegible]	[illegible]
Am. unwash. full bl'd,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. ¾ blood,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. ½ blood,		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. ¼ and com.		[illegible]	[illegible]
Super. pulled lambs,		[illegible]	[illegible]
No. 1. do.		[illegible]	[illegible]
No. 2. do.		[illegible]	[illegible]
No. 3. do.		[illegible]	[illegible]
Saxony, clean,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Spanish, E F & G.		[illegible]	[illegible]
do. lambs,		[illegible]	[illegible]

To Readers and Correspondents.

When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, please *always* mention at what post office the papers are received.

We have not had time to examine a number of prose and poetic articles left with us this week. They will be noticed in our next.

E. P., of Comstock's Landing, is informed, that we have no control over the mails. Our papers are deposited in the post-office, as punctual as the day; and we do not like to be taxed for the benefit of the post-office, when that department itself is the culprit deserving punishment.

We have to answer T. N's. query in the negative, but offer a compensation for such articles of the right kind.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Name	Amount
Oct. 31.—Received from	
Charles Nukerck,	$2 00
Jared Root, Esq.	2 00
John Callis, Esq.	6 00
Wm. Sublett, Esq.	5 00
Nov. 1.	
C. C. Chamberlin,	1 00
John Parker, Esq.	2 00
Zenas Smith, Esq.	10 00
Chas. Gregoire, Esq.	5 00
W. J. McCalla, Esq.	5 00
A. S. Todd, Esq.	5 00
A. F. Shepard, Esq.	7 00
Nov. 3.	
Robert L. Baker,	18 50
Nancy Cross,	2 00
J. A. Sherman,	16 50
Eliphalet Price,	5 00
B. Baldwin, [nett]	1 75
John J. Hall,	5 00
W. C. Roadman, Esq.	2 00
Edwin Draper, Esq.	5 00
Received from	
James Hale, Esq.	$2 00
C. Dudley, Esq.	10 00
Geo. Phillips, Esq.	5 00
C. K. Root,	4 00
Nov. 4.	
James Merriwether,	10 00
S. K. Montgomery,	5 00
T. W. Wilkinson,	2 00
David Dale, Esq.	4 00
Jos. Templeton, Esq.	5 00
Nov. 5.	
E. D. Hicks, [nett]	4 50
T. Murrill,	3 00
Bethune Dunkin,	2 00
Nov. 6.	
Samuel Brown,	5 00
J. K. Price,	2 00
Chas. J. Burnett, Esq.	7 00
Lot Whitcomb, Esq.	2 00
J. Armstrong, Esq.	2 00

Joseph L. Sager, charged with murdering his wife has been tried in Augusta, Maine, found guilty and sentenced to death.

It appears that on the 5th of October last, Sager administered to his wife some wine, in which he had put arsenic. In the Portland Advertiser, we find the following abstract of the trial.

The evidence was in substance, that before breakfast, Sager prepared a quantity of Egg and Wine, which he urged his wife to drink, which she did. After she had drank it, Sager immediately went to some water and very carefully rinsed the tumbler from which she had drunk; this being unusual, it excited the suspicion of Mrs. Sager, and she charged him with having given her "some thing which he ought not to." Very soon after this Mrs. Sager was taken sick and continued in the most excruciating pain for six or seven hours, when she died. At the time Sager prepared the Egg and Wine, there was standing on the table a quantity of milk, in which the girl who lived with them, after breakfast, discovered a white powder. A part of this milk was preserved, and on being examined by Professor Cleveland, was found to contain a large quantity of arsenic. Sager sat at the breakfast table, but drank nothing. The girl drank a little of the tea in which she put some of the milk. She was some sick but not dangerously so. The symptoms of Mrs. Sager, during her sickness, were such as attend cases of poisoning, and an examination after death, satisfied the physician that her death was caused by having taken some poisonous substance. The contents of her stomach was forwarded to Professor Cleveland, and by a chemical test, he found indications of arsenic in it. There was testimony that Sager recently had arsenic in his possession, and of his declarations that he should be a widower this fall, &c. The deceased was about twenty years older than her husband, and they had not lived pleasantly together.

The day of execution will be fixed by the Governor and Council.

A Boston paper states that the trial of Lieut. Babbitt closed on Thursday on Thursday last, and the decision of the Court has been forwarded to Washington, whence it will be made known to the public. It has been stated in the newspapers that a sum, between five and six hundred dollars, has been raised by subscription, in order to pay the expenses incurred by Lieut. Babbitt in defending this suit,—expenses which were large enough to deprive him of all his pay and emoluments for at least a year or two. In addition to this, we have heard that his counsel, Mr. Loring, after the trial was over, refused to receive any remuneration for his services, although he has spent considerable time in the case, and time, too, which to a gentleman of his profession and business, is very valuable.

MANUFACTURES IN PITTSBURG.—The various manufacturing establishments of Pittsburg are thus briefly enumerated in a late number of the Gazette of that city.

There are in the city of Pittsburg, 16 Founderies and Engine Factories of the largest denomination, besides numerous other establishments of less magnitude.

There are 9 Rolling Mills, cutting 2 tons of nails and rolling 8 tons of iron per day, on the average, and employing from 70 to 90 hands each.

There are 6 Cotton Factories with an aggregate of 20,000 spindles, 116 power looms, and 770 hands.

6 extensive White Lead Factories.

5 extensive Breweries, besides small ones.

6 Steam Saw Mills.

4 Steam Grist Mills.

10 extensive Glass Works.

Upwards of 100 steam engines in full operation.

There are moreover innumerable establishments for the manufacture of ploughs, timber, wheels, screws of all kinds, saddle trees, machine cards, bells, brass works of every description, locks, &c.; all manufactured extensively for exportation.

Fruit, Ornamental Trees, &c.

THE subscriber has now for sale, at the Bartram Botanic Garden and Nursery, near Gray's Ferry, a very extensive assortment of the finest Ornamental Trees, of all sorts, suitable for planting in streets or avenues. Fruit Trees of every good variety; hardy Flowering Shrubs and Evergreens; Herbaceous Plants, Bulbous Roots, &c. Mexican Dahlias, of 270 varieties. Also, a very large collection of the finest Green house Plants, including upwards of 100 Pæonia Japonicas, of 80 varieties; 2000 Roses, of 200 varieties, (chiefly new and hardy sorts,) 2000 Geraniums, of 130 varieties—with every other sort of plants usually cultivated for sale; all of which will be disposed of at moderate prices, and a liberal discount allowed to gardeners or others, who buy to sell again.

Collections of American Seeds or plants put up for Europe or elsewhere, in such manner as to insure their safe transportation. Orders (per mail) left at the store, No. 21 Philadelphia Arcade, will be promptly attended to, and plants carefully packed and forwarded, agreeably to directions, to any part of the United States. ROBERT CARR.

⁂ When purchasers desire it, suitable persons will be furnished to plant, at moderate charges. nov 8—3t

Winter Millinery.

MISSES JOHNSONS,

HAVE just received by the packet ship France, which arrived on the 3d, from Havre, a large assortment of Winter Millinery, which they will open on Monday, November 10th, at their Millinery establishment, No. 206 Chesnut street, six doors above Eighth st. nov 8—1t*

To Graziers.

AN EXPERIENCED GRAZIER, of sober, industrious habits, and recommended as such, is wanted by the subscriber, to take charge of a valuable grazing estate on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, distant by water about 40 miles from Baltimore, immediately on the River Wye, which abounds at due seasons with [illegible] EDW. HARRIS.

nov 8—3t Queen's Town, Eastern Shore of Maryland.

Farm at Public Sale.

A DELAWARE county Farm, beautifully situated on the Pedalia line, between Chester, Wilmington and Baltimore road, a full half mile west of Darby, and about half a mile from tide water landing, where lime, street dirt and stable manure can be procured at a cheap rate by water. [illegible] The Farm contains about 30 acres of good land, [illegible] two or three excellent springs of water, [illegible] Sale to commence at 3 o'clock, on the 29th of 11th month, at the public house of Samuel R. Langstaff, in Darby, where the conditions will be made known by JAMES BUNTING. nov 8—3t

Wanted.

A JOURNEYMAN BLACKSMITH, of steady habits, and a first rate workman, will meet with constant employment and liberal wages, by applying to JOEL BATES, No. 13 Drinker's Alley.

N. B. None but one of the above description need apply. nov 8—4t*

ALMANACK.

NOVEMBER 1834.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
8 SATURDAY,	6 58	5 2	8 37	
9 SUNDAY,	6 59	5 1	9 35	D. H. M.
10 MONDAY,	7 0	5 0	10 19	
11 TUESDAY,	7 1	4 59	10 59	New 1 3 24
12 WEDNESDAY,	7 2	4 58	11 37	First 8 1 30
13 THURSDAY,	7 3	4 57	12 19	Full 16 5 40
14 FRIDAY,	7 4	4 56	12 59	Last 23 9 40
15 SATURDAY,	7 5	4 55	1 24	New 30 1 51

Saving Fund Society.—The Northern Liberty, Kensington and Spring Garden Saving Fund Society receive deposites on Mondays and Thursdays of each week, from 3 o'clock, P. M. until 6, at their office, No. 330 North Third below Green street.

Arrangements having been made with the Commissioners of Spring Garden and Kensington, for the use of their Halls, by the Protestant Episcopalians, divine service may be expected on Sundays, by the Rev. S. Wilmer and others, in the Spring Garden Hall, in Pine street, below Ninth street, at 3 o'clock, P. M., and in the Kensington Hall, at the junction of Front and Master streets, until further notice.

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, James A. Campbell, of Moyamensing, to Miss Louisa Murrell, of Penn Township.

On Wednesday, Oct. 29th, by John Swift, Mayor, Mr. Ealen Stackhouse, of this city, to Miss Catharine W. Meredith, of Edgmont Township, Delaware county, Pa.

On Wednesday, the 29th inst. by Alderman Laws, Mr. Thomas Northey, to Miss Eliza Jones, both of Cheltenham township, Montgomery co.

On the 29th inst. by the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D. Mr. John Lester, of New York, to Miss Anna L. Henry, of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. Joel M. White, to Miss Eliza Reinhart, both of this city.

On the 30th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Porter, Mr. Richard Crouch, to Miss Charlotte Reed, both of this city.

On Friday, Oct. 31st, by the Rev. Mr. Clay, Mr. W. G. Webb, to Rebecca, daughter of Mr. Burkitt Webb, all of Philada.

On the 18th inst. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. James Burk, to Miss Permelia W. Briggs.

By the same, on the 30th, Mr. Frederick Brenholts, to Miss Sarah Soper, both of Del. Co.

On Thursday evening, 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chambers, Mr. John Johnson, to Miss Margaret Devitt, all of this city.

At Friends' meeting house, Orange street, on fourth day, the third of ninth month, Joseph Howell, to Hannah Austin, both of this city.

Sept. 25th, by the Rev. J. Lewis, Mr. Edmund Schoch, to Miss Catharine W. Lindemuth, both of Frankford, Pa.

On the 29th ult. by the same, Mr. James Briggs, to Miss Ann R. Costner, both of Montgomery Co. Pa.

At Portsmouth, N. H. on Tuesday evening, Oct. 28th, by the Rev. Mr. Peabody, Martin P. Lunt, Merchant of this city, to Ann S. daughter of Wm. Jones, Jr. Esq. of the former place.

On Monday evening, 3d inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, James M. Aertsen, to Harriet Romeyn, daughter of Jonathan Smith, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. William A. Wiggins, Mr. James H. Richardson, to Miss Mary Ann Turner, all of Kensington.

On Sunday evening, 2d inst. Mr. John Rogers, to Miss Margaret Fraser, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Bethune, Mr. Henry Smith, of Southwark, to Miss Mary Smith, of this city.

At New Orleans, on Saturday, the 18th ult. by the Rev. W. M. Curtis, Mr. Joseph P. Rusha, of New Orleans, to Miss Elizabeth Copner, of Salem, N. J.

On Tuesday evening, the 4th inst. by the Rev. James Abercrombie, D.D. Lewis A. Truefitt, of the city of Philadelphia, to Miss Jane J. B. Garden, late of Scotland.

At West Chester, on Tuesday, the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. Moore, Peirce Crosby, Esq. of Chester, Delaware county, to Rachel James, of Wilmington, Delaware.

On Wednesday, the 29th Oct. 1834, by the Rev. John B. Spotswood, at the residence of Mrs. Mary Raines, Col. Robert Key, to Miss Mary A. R. Williamson, all of Sussex county, Va.

"Change as you list ye winds, my heart shall ever be
The faithful needle that shall point to Key."

On the 22d Oct. by the Rev. Thomas Neall, Mr. John Sedgwick, of Philadelphia, to Miss Ann Blundon, of Germantown.

On Friday evening, Oct. 3d, by the Rev. W. L. McCala, Mr. Abner R. Slack, to Mrs. Elizabeth Fower, all of the District of Southwark.

On Wednesday, the 5th inst. in Christ Church, by the Rev. John W. James, Daniel D. Southard, of Camden, N. J. to Julia Nicklin, daughter of Philip Houlbrooke Nicklin, of Philadelphia.

At Mount Holly, N. J., on Thursday evening, 28th ult. by Richard Eayre, Esq. Mr. John Champion, of Philad. to Miss Abigail Butterworth, of the former place.

DEATHS.

On the 29th inst. after a lingering illness, Isaac Murray, in the 54th year of his age.

On Thursday morning, 30th inst. Elizabeth Paul, wife of Christian Donaldson, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

At Newbern, N.C. on Sunday, the 12th inst. in the 30th year of her age, Mrs. Amanda M. Conner, wife of Edmond S. Conner, of Philadelphia.

On Friday morning, the 31st ult. Henry B. son of Samuel Tiller, in the 10th year of his age.

On Friday, in the 64th year of his age, David Coombs, Esq. for many years a resident of the District of Southwark.

On the 31st Oct. Mr. Richard Wallace, in the 30th year of his age.

At Charleston, Capt. Griswold, of the U. S. Army, commandant of Castle Pinkney.

On Friday morning, the 31st of Oct. in the 78th year of his age, Captain Malcom McNevan, of the District of Southwark.

On Tuesday evening, 28th ult. at the residence of John Kaign, near Kaighn's Point, N. J. Mary Louisa Barry, in the 13th year of her age.

At his residence in Germantown, on Wednesday, 29th ult. in the 55th year of his age, Benjamin Sharpnack, Esq. formerly a merchant of this city.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, General Samuel Borden, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 53 years, an active officer during the war of 1812.

On the 3d inst. Mr. Thomas Bradley, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 15th ult. at her residence in Northumberland, Penn. at an advanced age, Mrs. Frances Lewis, widow of the late William Lewis, Esq. of the Philadelphia Bar.

On Monday morning, 3d inst. Cordelia Condie, infant daughter of Henry A. Harder, aged 4 months and 23 days.

On Monday evening, the 3d inst. Jacob Ritter, Sr. in the 80th year of his age.

On Monday, Nov. 3d, Robert Barlow, (brewer) of the Northern Liberties, aged 64 years, a native of Kersley, near Bolton, England.

On Tuesday morning, in the 73d year of his age, Robert Steel.

On Sunday, 19th ult. at Emmitsburgh, Frederick co. Md. Thomas M. M'Devitt, in the 22d year of his age, son of Thomas M'Devitt, of this city.

In Charleston, on the 2d ult. Mrs. Mary Worn, of Philadelphia.

At Fort Gibson, Alabama, on the 2d of Aug. last, of bilious fever, Assistant Surgeon Charles B. Welsh, of the United States Army.

On the 4th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of Wm. Rush, Jr.

On the 4th inst. after a short but severe illness, Mr. John Dempsey, an old and respectable citizen of this city, in the 70th year of his age.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 5th inst. John Reed, Jr. in the 26th year of his age.

Suddenly, on 2d inst. at Solebury, Bucks county, Mr. John Katz, of Philad. in the 51st year of his age.

On Thursday, 23d ult. Edmund M'Vaugh, Esq. Post Master, in the borough of Frankford.

On Monday evening, Oct. 27th, at his residence, near Bustletown, Mr. Edward Woodman, in the 34th year of his age, after a short but severe illness, which he bore with christian fortitude.

There were 92 deaths in Philadelphia during the past week—52 of which were adults and 40 children. By consumption 14, Cholera, 2—20 under one year of age. 9 were from the Almshouse, 2 from the country, and 14 people of colour.

The New York City Inspector reports the death of 113 persons during the week ending on Saturday, 1st inst. viz—30 men, 20 women, 38 boys, and 25 girls. Of whom 36 were of the age of 1 year and under. Diseases, consumption 27, convulsions 13, dropsy in the head 7, small pox 10, stillborn 8, &c. 10 of the above were coloured persons.

Report of deaths in the city of Boston for the last week—males 20, females 23. Stillborn 1. Diseases, consumption 12, &c.

Report of interments in the city of Baltimore, for the last week. Males 36—females 20—56. Of which number 16 were colored persons, all free. Diseases, consumption 6, cholera morbus 5, cholera 3, &c.

Pugh Madeira,

SURGICAL INSTRUMENT AND ELASTIC TRUSS Maker, has removed from North Third street, to 22 South Seventh street, four doors above Chesnut, Philadelphia.

N. B.—On hand, an elegant assortment of Dissecting Instruments, which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms. mar 16—3t—tf

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of JOHN WILKES, deceased, late of Philadelphia county, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having demands, will please present them for settlement to

HUMPHREY HILL, Executor.

nov 8—3t Darby, Delaware county.

Public Sale.

PURSUANT to the last will and testament of Joseph Kenderdine, late of the Horsham township, deceased, will be offered at Public Sale, on Seventh day, the 22d of the present month, on the premises, a valuable Farm, containing 103 acres, situate in Horsham township, Montgomery county, bounded by lands of Dr. John Jones, John Jarrett, Jonathan Kenderdine, and others. The land is in a good state of cultivation, has about 45 acres under timber, the remainder meadow and [illegible] The improvements are a good two-story stone house, with three rooms on the first floor, and four on the second, with a cellar underneath, and a pump in the piazza, a never failing well of water. There are on the premises a spacious stone barn, [illegible] stone spring house, over a never failing spring of water, and a moderate stream passes through the farm. There is, also, an apple orchard, and a variety of other fruit trees. The property is handsomely situated, in a settlement of Friends, within two miles of Horsham meeting house, and 16 miles from Philadelphia. Persons wishing to view the premises, will please apply to John Kenderdine residing thereon. Sale to commence at 3 o'clock, P. M. when conditions and attendance will be given by

JOHN KENDERDINE,
JUSTINIAN KENDERDINE, } Ex'rs.

nov 8—3t*

DEAFNESS.

Hearing and Eye-Sight Restored.

MR. PRINTER—[illegible]

[illegible]

I forward you five dollars, which you will [illegible]

Address [illegible]

To Dr. D. L. Green, [illegible]

[illegible]

JUST PUBLISHED,

THE BOOK OF NATURE,

NO. 4.—VOL. 2.

Embellished with 10 elegant 4to. Copperplate Engravings.

PLATE 150.—Quadrupeds—South American Tapir; 2. Hippopotamus.

151.—Quadrupeds—1. Short Tailed Manis; 2. Long tailed Manis; 3. Six banded Armadillo; 4. Nine banded Armadillo; 5. 12 banded Armadillo.

152.—Ornithology—1. White Shoebill; 2. Chestnut Jacana; 3. Chinese Jacana; 4. Land Rail or Crake; 5. Variegated Rail; 6. Gold-breasted Trumpeter.

153.—Ornithology—1. Cape Lark; 2. Magellanic Sucking; 3. Wattled Starling; 4. Grand Goat Sucker; 5. Lesser Goat Sucker.

154.—Ichthyology—Six remarkable genera of the Apodes, Sword Fish, &c.

155.—Ichthyology—6 varieties of the Perch.

156.—Ichthyology—Six varieties of Shell-fish; 7 Physgasts; 8 Ephemera.

157.—Entomology—Twelve varieties of Caraba.

158.—Conchology—Nine varieties of Shells, &c.

159.—Annulosa—[illegible]

This valuable and scientific work will be completed in two volumes, [illegible]

[illegible]

One great source of the patronage anticipated by the proprietor is from Schools and Colleges, [illegible]

[illegible] —single Nos. 75 cents. SAML. C. ATKINSON,

oct 30—tf 36 Carter's Alley.

JUST PUBLISHED,

ATKINSON'S CASKET,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1834.

EMBELLISHMENTS:

Portrait of the Travellers, All Boys' Views of St. Mark's Place, Venice, and the Thames and City of London! Music, "I Love the Shepherd's Artless Rhymes."

CONTENTS.

SKETCH of Ali Bey, [illegible]

POETRY.

[illegible]

☞ The terms of this popular publication are $2.50 per annum, payable in advance, [illegible]

Address (post paid) SAMUEL C. ATKINSON,

No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

Child's Nurse.

WANTED, a child's nurse; one who will bring good references, and has had experience in the care of children. None other need apply. Office of the Philadelphia Gazette, 36 Carter's Alley. nov 8—3t

Tam O'Shanter,

REOPENED!

THE four Statues, from the Poem of ROBERT BURNS, by James Thom, are now open for exhibition from 9 A. M. till 9 P. M. in the Saloon of the Masonic Hall.

Brilliantly Illuminated every Evening.

☞ Admittance 25 cents—Season Tickets 50 cents. [illegible] Horticultural Society, will continue as before. sep 27—tf

Baker's Intelligence Office,

ESTABLISHED May, 1811, at the S. E. corner of Chesnut and Sixth streets, [illegible] Apprentices, Farmers, Gardeners, Coachmen, Waiters, Porters, Drivers, Grooms, Bar Keepers, Hostlers, Porters, Ropemakers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chamber-maids, Cooks, Washer Women, [illegible]

☞ Wanted several Journeymen and Apprentices.

A Wet Nurse wanted, [illegible] nov 1—3t*

ISAAC BARTON,

NO. 30 South Second Street, Philadelphia, offers for sale at moderate prices, a [illegible] Silks, [illegible] Calicoes, Cambrics, Muslins, [illegible]

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

Merino Cloths and Bombazines, [illegible]

DEAD BARTH CLOTHS. [illegible]

ROSE BLANKETS.

[illegible]

ROGERS' PATENT FLANNELS [illegible]

[illegible] oct 18—tf

Charles & Sylvester,

CANTON HOUSE,

No. 39 South Eighth Street, third door below Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

GENUINE Teas, superior Coffee, Chocolate and prepared Cocoa. oct 25—tf

Hunting Knives.

THE subscriber having just finished an assortment of "Crocket" and other Hunting Knives, peculiarly adapted to Bear and Deer Hunting, would respectfully call the attention of those desiring a superior article for the approaching season. GEO. F. SCHIVELY, Surgical Instrument Maker, oct 25—tf No. 75 South Eighth street.

Merinoes.

JACOB ELLIS, No. 310 Market street, above Ninth, has just opened an elegant assortment of Merinoes, from 75 cts. to $1 25 per yard, consisting of claret, browns, olives, [illegible] nov 1—4t*

JAMES H. BRISCOE,

DENTIST,

No. 380 Arch street, above Eighth.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

nov 1—3t

A Card.

A PHYSICIAN, enjoying a good country practice in a very fine neighbourhood, and wishing to decline, would be glad to [illegible] For particulars, inquire of GEO. W. CARPENTER, No. 301 Market street. [illegible]

LEHIGH COAL

$4 75 PER TON.

THE LEHIGH COAL & NAVIGATION COMPANY, offer for sale their free burning Coal, [illegible] $4 75 per ton of 2240 lbs. delivered without charge for carting, in any part of the city of Philadelphia, or at [illegible]

[illegible] No. 7 South Second street, [illegible] oct 25—tf

Change of Hour.

THE Steam Boat WILMINGTON, Captain Henry Read, will leave Philadelphia every day, Sunday excepted, for WILMINGTON, at 9 o'clock A. M. from the wharf above ARCH STREET, [illegible]

FARE 50 CENTS.

Fare to Lazaretto, Chester and Marcus Hook, 30 cents.

[illegible] june 21—tf

JOB PRINTING

Of every description neatly executed at the Office of the

Saturday Evening Post & Casket,

No. 36 Carter's Alley,

THREE DOORS BELOW THIRD ST.

Handbills, Posting Bills, Cards, Tickets, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c.

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

Watch Seals—Is the answer to the Enigma in our last number.

From the Mobile Register.

A MARRIED MAN'S CONFESSION.

I was but young—yet I had caught
The mania of the age—and felt
A burning at the heart—and thought
I would get married—so I knelt
To every black, blue, hazel eye,
And every brow of pallid whiteness—
And every cheek that wore the dye
Of roses—or whose pearly brightness,
Was brought in beautiful relief,
By rouge or carmine—to be brief,
I tended every 'pleasant ball',
At Callum's and ———,
And spent long nights in conquest of,
Delicious spirits to drop,
Into delicious stars!

One night—there came a lovely one,
With seraph tread and laughing eye,
And ermine cheek that well might mock,
The glory of a sunset sky!
And then her voice—'twas like the sound
Of Houri girls at play,—
And haunts me now like a viewless bird,
In dreams by night and day!

But more it haunts me still to tell,
Then that we took the floor,
And danced away three winged hours,
(I wished a half hour more.)
And then I gently took her hand,
And asked her father's dower,
When answering with a laughing lip,
She left me [illegible].

I left the ball—and wandered forth,
Beneath the silver wing of night,
And pictured images of love,
And phantoms in the pale moonlight!
And then I sought my 'private room,'
And threw me down upon my bed,—
But sleep had flown my wearied eyes,
As common sense had from my head.

The morning came—when tremblingly,
I sought that lovely being fair,
Whose every look had given mine,
Such pleasure, mixed with black despair.
She came—I felt the fluttering stir.
With a fair-haired child on either side!
The rest I ween will soon be told,
FOUR YEARS BEFORE, SHE'D BEEN A BRIDE!

◆

The annexed description of a row in "Old Virginia," is given in a late Southern paper.

It seems that "One Aron Jones" keeps a country tavern in Buckingham county, at which place, once upon a time, there 'bided a terrible battle-royal a few days thereafter, one of your real bangers slipped up to a gentleman, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Was you at one Aron Jones' tother day?"
"What one Aron Jones?"
"Why one Aron Jones' at Buckingham."
"No. Why?"
"Why I was there."
"Well, what of that?"
"Why they had it."
"Had what?"
"Had it, they had it; one in and one out—two in and two out, until they got three deep: and then 'twas it was who should and who should."

◆

BLACK WORK.

A certain Colonel, old and poor, and lame,
And therefore somewhat choleric and fervent,
Had advertised for a man-servant,
And was employed in writing, when there came
Into his room a spruce and dandy footman,
Who scorn'd to be a shoe and boot man,
And therefore spake as he drew near,
"Pray, sir, who does the black work here?"
"That sir, I do myself," the Colonel said,
And threw his inkstand at the fellow's head!

◆

Anecdote of Lord Sandwich.—Lord Sandwich, a member of that administration which carried on the American war, though a dignified-looking nobleman in dress, was so singularly a walker in the street, that on a gentleman of his acquaintance expressing a doubt whether an individual at a distance was his lordship or not, another is said to have remarked, "O yes, I am sure it is Lord Sandwich, for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the street at once." His lordship used to relate of himself that having once taken lessons in dancing, at Paris, he asked the professor at the conclusion, if he could do him any favour in his own country, to which the man replied, bowing, "I should take it as a particular favour, if your lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance."

◆

To terminate a love match which is indiscreet and unequal.—Never resort to violence—for love, like gum-rubber, the more you try to pull it apart, the more it relates; while a single drop of oil will dissolve it.—Aquafortis will eat iron; but anger though more corrosive, will harden the heart into steel; if you would soften the heart you desire to save from perdition, into the consistence of gum-rubber, warm it with your kindness; drop upon the bonds, that bind it to perverse destiny, a single drop of the oil of *approbation*, and you dissolve them forever.

◆

Improving with Age.—When Mrs. Siddons made her first splendid appearance at Drury Lane, in 1782, she received only ten guineas a week. Her salary was increased from year to year, so that in 1811—12, when she was 56 years of age, she received fifty guineas per night. This was the last season of her professional life.

◆

A Man to his Word.—The following whimsical circumstance happened some time ago in Kilkenny, Ireland. A tailor, who was married to a very sickly woman, grew enamoured of a young girl who lived in his neighbourhood; and, on certain conditions, he agreed to give her a promise, in writing, to marry her immediately on the demise of his wife; in consequence of which, Mr. Snip passed her the following curious note of hand:—"In two days after the demise of my present wife, I promise to marry Mary Morgan or order, value received, under a penalty of fifty pounds sterling. Given under my hand the sixteenth day of May, etc.—DAN. SULLIVAN." Shortly after Mary received the above note, she died, leaving it endorsed to a female child, who also chanced to take a fever and die before the tailor's wife: however, on her sick bed, she also endorsed the note and gave it to a cousin, whom the tailor absolutely married, agreeable to endorsement, in two days after the death of his wife; and it is said that the tailor and wife are now living happily in the city of Kilkenny.

◆

JOHNSONIANA.

"Do you really believe, Dr. Johnson," said a Litchfield lady, "in the dead walking after death?" "Madam," said Johnson, "I have no doubt on the subject; I have heard the Dead March in Saul." "You really believe, then, Doctor, in ghosts?" "Madam," said Johnson, "I think appearances are in their favor."

Dr. Johnson was not comfortable in the Hebrides. "Pray, Doctor, how did you sleep," enquired a benevolent Scotch hostess, who was so extremely hospitable that some hundreds always occupy the same bed. "Madam," said Johnson, "I had not a wink the whole night long, sleep seemed to flee from my eyelids, and to bug from all the rest of my body."

"What do you think of whiskey, Dr. Johnson?" hiccuped Boswell, after emptying a sixth tumbler of toddy. "Sir," said the Doctor, "it penetrates my very soul like 'the *small still* voice of conscience,' and doubtless the worm of the still is 'the worm that never dies.'" Boswell afterwards enquired the Doctor's opinion on illicit distillation, and how the great moralist would act in an affray between the Smugglers and the Excise. "If I went by the *letter* of the law, I should assist the Customs, but according to the spirit, I should assist the Contrabands."

The Doctor was always very satirical on the want of timber in the North. "Sir," said he to the young Laird Inconnelly, who was going to join his regiment, "may Providence preserve you in battle, and especially your nether limbs. You may grow a walking stick here, but you must import a wooden leg." At Dunsinane the old prejudice broke out. "Sir," said he to Boswell, "Macbeth was an idiot; he ought to have known that every wood in Scotland might be carried on man's hand; the Scotch, Sir, are like the frogs in the fable. If they had a Log they would make a king of it."

Master M., after plaguing Miss Seward and Dr. Darwin, and a large tea party at Litchfield, said to his mother that he would be good if she would give him an apple. "My dear child," said the parent, feeling herself in the presence of a good moralist, "you ought not to be good on any consideration of gain, for 'virtue is its own reward.' You ought to be good disinterestedly and without thinking what you are to get for it." "Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "you are a fool; would you have the boy *good for nothing?*"

◆

What to do with it.—Mr. Editor—Many persons ask, "What shall we do with it?" when we persuade them to abandon ardent spirits. I answer, destroy your enemies with it. The house of an innkeeper of my acquaintance was very much infested with vermin. He resorted to many different methods, but could not destroy them. At length he thought of the effects ardent spirits had upon two legged customers, and he resolved to make an experiment. Accordingly he prepared a pan of black-strap, set it in the cellar and waited the result. The next morning he found fourteen large rats lying helpless around the pan. It is needless to add, he pursued this device until his house was clear of rats and mice.

A farmer's corn was much annoyed by a bear, which he was unable to destroy until he thought of rum. He prepared a vessel of well sweetened rum, and the next morning Bruin was too rich and happy to go or stand. A few have found that corn, strongly saturated with rum, will take away the use of leg and wing from crows. One old farmer told me last summer that grasshoppers found it too. Now I say, neither throw away nor burn ardent spirits; nor by compliances take murder human beings with it; but destroy grasshoppers, bears, and crows. Foxes, I presume, are too cunning to drink it.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

The Ball that Killed without Wounding.

"Wretch, sir, you shall give me satisfaction."
"Whenever you please."
"To-morrow, at eight o'clock."
"At eight o'clock then let it be. I will be furnished with a second."

And the following morning at eight o'clock, four individuals took their way toward the "Bois de Boulogne," two for the purpose of destroying each other, and the others to witness the action; perhaps the most acute way of expressing what is termed "an affair of honour." As two of these four were seriously determined each to blow out the other's brains, they hired from the gunsmith a superb pair of pistols, in such admirable condition, that it was really a pleasure for gentlemen of honour to split skulls with such weapons. Arrived at the wood, the ground was chosen, a beautiful downy turf, fresh, shady, and inviting; in fact, such as two true light lovers might have selected as a place of *rendezvous.*

"There, let's make haste," exclaimed one, "here's the spot. We wait but for those gentlemen to hand us our instruments, and then we commence with the ball."

"But for all that," ventured one of the seconds——

"I shall be sure to leave my bones here rather than make an apology."

"So much the better," replied his adversary. "For rest assured I would not accept of one."

They received each a loaded pistol. The first who fired, made the hat of his antagonist fly from his head.

"The aim was too high," said he, lowering very easily his pistol, the butt end of which, by way of parade, he placed over his eyes.

"Thank you," replied the other, and in his turn let fly.

"Ah! oh!" exclaimed his adversary, receding a step. "You don't profit amiss by the advice which one gives you."

The fact was that the ball had shattered the stock of the pistol, which he held in his hand, and but for his lucky skin, would have drilled a hole in his head.

"Enough, enough" said the seconds. Willing or unwilling they were reconciled somewhat in the same way that an axletree is repaired, which has given way on the road: the first jolt upsets the carriage.

They then returned to the gunsmith's to restore the arms which they had borrowed.

"The d—l!" exclaimed the latter, "there is no question here but some head has escaped beautifully! But who is to pay me for the damage?"

"'Twould be droll were it I," said he who broke the pistol.

"But not so droll either," answered the one who had escaped. "It was not I who lodged the ball in the stock."

"That is much to the purpose," answered the other; "what would it have been had I lodged it in your brain?"

"So much the worse for you if you are awkward."

"So much the worse for you if you parry so well."

"Indeed! So I am to pay for the pleasure of having come within an ace of getting my skull cracked."

"And I am to pay for your pleasure at finding yourself in life and unscathed."

"Pleasure or not, I defy you to lay it to my charge."

"That is what we must see."

"Directly."

"This very minute."

"With all my heart."

And snatching a pair of foils they rushed like madmen to the door; the one who had damaged the pistol, was especially delighted to take his revenge. But the poor d—l was far from possessing a lucky hand that morning. At the first pass he himself was run through.

"You are a dead man!" exclaimed the other, passing his sword through the body.

"'Tis possible," murmured he, as he fell; "but for all that, it is not I who will pay for the pistol."

◆

MY WHISKERS.

These perverse, indomitable subjects! I had rather bring up ten mules, or cultivate an orchard of crab trees. They grow every way but the right, and they are all colors that they should not be; they are more like the whiskers of the face of a tiger, than an ornament on the cheek of a Christian.

Amanda says—"Cut them off, Mr. Capicor." Cut them off? I will suffer decapitation, I will see the whole human race decapitated. I am Andrew Jackson for firmness to my friends, enemies, opinions, and whiskers. I do not like to look so effeminate, and I am amiable enough already. No stranger who sees the alarm planted in front of my ears, will accuse me of effeminacy.

But the manner in which this gattery grows, is a trial of patience to the gardener. I have remarked at Nahant, that the prevailing winds have twisted the trees aslant, in one direction; but I brushed my whiskers one way, daily, and many times a day, for seventeen months, yet do they still bristle always, like quills upon a hedge hog, or the bayonets of a militia battalion.

Their color is naturally 'a sable silvered,' as I am pleased to call it; yet I must confess that were I all covered with such a pelt, I should be very like a grizzly bear. I have tried all the great inventions by which art perfects what nature leaves half finished—but with indifferent success; once or twice I had a good scald—I beg my own pardon—a good dye—but at other times I have encouraged quackery at the expense of every thing dear to me—I mean, my whisker.

"I have pursued goodness infinite,
Of various ways and dye."

My first essay was with walnut juice, and it succeeded pretty well upon the whiskers—but it turned my cheek darker than a Gypsey's, so that for consistency I had to stain my whole face. I went three weeks to the African church, but the ladies banished me from my own pew and say that if I chose to play Othello, I must look elsewhere for a Desdemona.

I next essayed mineral agents—but I applied my precious unguent to one side; it turned the color of the whiskers, to be sure, in a trice, it was a fortnight before the skin grew upon that cheek. Finally, I gave up my own inventions, in which I was always ingenious and unlucky: when I was a boy I invented a new fox trap—and so strong that it held me two hours by the thumb, till father came and took me out.

At present my whiskers are in a satisfactory state. My hair, as you know has been compared to carrots—and the whiskers are only a shade or two lighter than beets. Under the chin I have a brush hedge, that shows like the coat of a buffalo.

The ladies sometimes ask me why I wear these whiskers—but it is a great mind that will confess the motive even of great actions. Originally, then I cultivated them because I had a small voice. I have rode in the stage-coach by night, and been invariably addressed by all present as a lady—and once when I had insulted a major in the saloon, he told me that my sex was protection; it was, however, no protection to him.

I speak therefore, or, I may say squeak, as little as I can, I prefer to be judged by my whiskers, rather than my voice. When I am old I may talk more—for, should my voice continue as it is, it will in old age seem more natural.

When I was a traveller, and in Italy, I was too urbane not to give and receive the usual salutations. In that pleasant country where men kiss each other, I had a manifest advantage in every salute. I held the weather gage and could choose my own distance. I had a mustache as long as the antennæ of an old rat and as stiff as needles. These were not very ornamental, but they were of great practical use in kissing the Capuchins. I had much of this sort of practice, for I frequented the Convents. I liked the Capuchins—at the length of my mustaches, I mean—they were so careless of the future and so ignorant of the past. At first, however, the advantage was on the side of the monks, and I was held at bay by them, as effectually as if their faces had been set with spikes. But luckily I remembered that I had a phial containing the odorous principle of a formidable and familiar American quadruped—which I was carrying from Dr. Mitchell to an eminent European naturalist. When, therefore I had to take leave of a whole convent of my friends, I took out the cork, and was thus enabled to salute the friars upon about equal terms.

Old father Giovanni had a beard like a meteor. It was portentous; it covered his breast like a blanket; but he used no washes or perfumes. I verily believe the hounds would have followed him when they would have lost the trace of a fox or a badger. He was but a sorry nosegay, to stand between the wind and nobility. In Alexander's rooms you will see a fine head of him;—but the artist has done what shears or razor never did for him—curtail his beard.

The whisker and its adjunct, the beard, have ever been held sacred. They are the fountain of honour; to touch them is an indignity, and to pluck a hair from them deserves death. Albuquerque the great had memorable whiskers—he valued them accordingly;—but he loved his country more. The public service required money. He hesitated not to pledge what was most precious to him to raise it, and he mortgaged his whiskers. I have ample security of the same kind; but alas for the age! no one in State street will take it as a collateral to my note.—*New England Mag.*

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Massieu, the Dumb Mute.—The perfect success with which the attempts to instruct the deaf and dumb have been attended, has never, perhaps, been shown more satisfactorily than in the person of Massieu, the most distinguished of the pupils of the Abbe Sicard. Some of his extempore answers to queries put to him by persons visiting the institution, are not inferior, for depth of thought and felicity of language, to the most elaborate sentences of the ablest writers. It would be difficult to select, even from the essays of Bacon, or the thoughts of Pascal, more profound or happier remarks on the same subjects, than the following:—Massieu, being once asked the difference between God and nature, replied, "God is the first framer, the Creator of all things. The first beings all sprung from his divine bosom. He said to the first, '*you shall produce the second;*' his wishes are laws, these laws are nature."—"Eternity," he said, "is a day without yesterday or to-morrow." "Hope is the flower of happiness." "Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

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Depth of the Ocean.—One mile and sixty-six feet is the lowest depth to which the ocean has been sounded. Where the coast is rugged and high, the water is deep. All the surface covered by seas is three times greater than the dry land, being 148 million of miles. If the medium depth of the sea be reckoned at two miles, there must consequently be 296 millions of cubical miles of water. The quantity, therefore, is sufficient to cover all the dry land on the globe to the height of eight thousand *feet;* and further, were all this mass of water thrown into the shape of a ball, it would be *eight hundred miles* in diameter. Philosophers of enlarged views generally believe, that the present beds of all the oceans, were at a former period the habitable parts of the earth. There is no other mode of explaining the presence of such immense masses of marine productions, quite in the interior of all the continents, as are continually brought to light, than by supposing they were once covered by the sea.—*Scientific Tracts.*

There is no greater annoyance in this world than squalling, fretful children, and yet it is one that most persons are doomed to suffer, to a greater or less extent. To the married man as well as to the bachelor, the din of crying infants, sounds the death knell of domestic happiness, and it drives many an individual away from home, who otherwise would find abundant sources of enjoyment at his own fireside. There are some families that it is painful and distressing to visit, simply because this nuisance is permitted to exist—we say *permitted* to exist, because we believe that in nine cases out of ten, the adoption of a judicious and proper system of nursing, on the part of the parent, would entirely obviate the evil. As a general rule, it may safely be presumed, that no infant cries without a cause, and that as speedily as that cause is removed the annoyance will cease. It should therefore, be the first object of mothers and nurses, on noticing the complaints of children, to ascertain, by diligent research and reflection, the exciting impulse, and at once apply the proper remedy.

The injudicious course of parents in teaching their children miserable jargon, instead of their native language, is admirably hit off, in the following article from the Georgia State Rights Sentinel. We wish we had it in our power to lay it before every mother in the country.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

Whence comes the gibberish which is almost invariably used by mothers and nurses to children? Take for example the following, which will answer the twofold purpose of illustrating my question, and perpetuating one of the peculiarities of the age.

A few days ago I called to spend an hour in the afternoon, with Mr. Slang, whose wife is the mother of a child about eight months old.

While I was there, the child in the nurse's arms, in an adjoining room, began to cry.

"You Rose," said Mrs. Slang, "quiet that child!" Rose walked it, and sang to it, but it did not hush.

"You Rose! if you don't quiet that child, I lay I'll make you."

"It is tried, ma'am," said Rose, "an' he would'nt git hushed"—(Child cries louder.)

"Fetch him here to me, you good for nothing hussy you. What's the matter with him?" reaching out her arms to receive him.

"I dun know ma'am."

"Nhei—nhum—nha—nha'am!" mocking and grinning at Rose.

As Rose delivered the child she gave visible signs of dodging just as the child left her arms, and, that she might not be disappointed, Mrs. Slang gave her a box, in which there seemed to be no anger mixed at all, and which Rose received as a matter of course, without even changing countenance under it.

"Da den!" said Mrs. Slang, "come along muddy, (mother.) Did nasty Yosey (Rose) pague muddy thweety chillens? (children) pressing the child to her bosom and rocking it backward and forward tenderly. "Mud fine will whippy ole nasty Yosey. Ah! you ole uggy Yosey," knocking at Rose playfully. "Da den; muddy did whippy bad Yosey."

(Child continues to cry.)

"Why what upon the earth ails the child! Rose, you have hurt this child, somehow or other."

"No m'm, 'la' I dad'nt—I was jis sitt'n down dar in the rock'n chair long side o' Miss Nancy's bureau, an't want doin' nothin' 'tall to him, jis playin' wid him, and he jis begin to cry of heself when nobody wa'nt doin' nothin' 'tall to him, and nobody wa'nt in dat nuther'sept jis me and him and, I was"—

"Nhing—nhing—nhing—and, I expect you hit his head against the bureau."

"Let muddy see where ole bad Yosey nocky heady 'gin de bureau. Muddy will see," taking off the child's cap and finding nothing.

(Child cries on.)

Muddy's baby was hongy. Dat was what ails muddy's darling, thweety one. Was cho hongy, an' nobody would givy litty darling any sings 'all for eaty" loosing her frock bosom. "No nobody would gim thweety once any sings fo' eat 'tall 'tall"—(offers the breast to the child, who rejects it, toils over, kicks, and screams worse than ever.)

"Hush! you little brat! I believe its nothing in the world but crossness. Hush! (shaking it) hush I tell you." (Child cries to the NE PLUS ULTRA.)

"Why surely a pin must stick the child. Yes, was a bad pin did ticky thweety chillens. Let muddy see where de uggy pin ticky dear prettous crater" examining—"why no it isn't a pin. Why what can be the matter with the child? It must have the cholic, surely. Rose go bring me the paragoric off the mantle piece. Yes muddy's prettous darly baby." Pressing it to her bosom and rocking it. (Child cries on.)

Rose brought the paragoric, handed it, dodged, and got her expectations realized as before.

"Now go bring me the sugar and some water."

Rose brought them, and delivered both without the customary reward; for at that instant the child being laid perfectly still on the lap, hushed.

The paragoric was administered, and the child received it with only a whimper, now and then. As soon as it received the medicine, the mother raised it up and it began to cry.

"Why Lord help my soul, what's the matter with the child? what have you done to him you little hussy?" rising and walking towards Rose.

"No' Missus, I aint done nothin' 'tall—was jus sitting down da by Miss Nancy's bu——'

"You lie, you slut," hitting her a passing slap, "I know you've hurt him. Hush, my baby," (singing the Coquet,) "don't you cry, your sweetheart will come by'm by; da, de dum dum dum dum day, da de dum diddle dum dum day."

(Child cries on.)

"Lord help my soul and body what can be the matter with my baby!" tears coming in her own eyes.—"Something's the matter with it; I know it is, (laying the child on her lap, and feeling its arms to see whether it flinched at the touch of any particular part.) But the child cried less while she was feeling it than before.

"Yes, dat was it; wanted little arms rubbed. Mud will rub its sweet little arms."

(Child begins again.)

"What upon earth can make my baby cry so!" rising and walking to the window.

(She's at the window and the child hushes.)

"Yes dat was it; did want to look out o' windya. See the pretty chickens. O-o-o-h! Look at the beauty, rooster! Yonder's old aunt Betty! See old aunt Betty, pickin' up chip to' bake (biscuit) fo' good chillens. Good aunt Betty fo' make bicky fo' sweet baby's supper."

(Child begins again.)

"Hoo-o-o! see de windy!" knocking on the window.

(Child screams.)

"You Rose, what have you done to to this child? You little hussy you, if you don't tell me how you hurt him, I'll whip you as long as I can find you."

"Missus, I 'cla' I never done noth'ng 't all to him, I was jis sett'n down da by Miss Nancy's bu"——

"If you say Miss Nancy's bureau to me again I'll stuff Miss Nancy's bureau down your throat, you little lying slut. I'm just as sure you hurt him, as if I'd seen you. How did you hurt him?"

Here Rose was reduced to a *non plus:* for, upon the peril of having a bureau in her throat, she dared not repeat the oft told tale, and she knew no other. She therefore stood mute.

"Julia," said Mr. Slang, "bring the child to me and let me see if I can discover the cause of his crying."

Mr. Slang took the child and commenced a careful examination of it. He removed its cap, and beginning at the crown of its head, he extended his search slowly and cautiously downward, accompanying the eye with the touch of the finger. He had not proceeded far in this way before he discovered, in the right ear of the child, a small feather, the cause, of course, of all its wailing. The cause removed, the child soon changed its tears to smiles, greatly to the delight of all, and to none more than to Rose. BALDWIN.

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THE HONEY MOON.—A Song.

When maidens enter into life,
And blushing Miss becomes the wife,
The female heart's in tune;
When love beats high, and reason's hid,
And dearie does whate'er he's bid,
Then springs the Honey Moon.

When trinkets, rings, and such bijoux,
Are bought to please the lovely spouse;
And jaunts are made to town;
When smiles bedeck the pleasing face,
The new caught husband shines with grace,
More bright the Honey Moon.

When reason through a cloud is seen,
And business wakens from a dream,
And August thinks on June;
When family matters call for aid,
The wife sits easy on the mead,
And wanes the Honey Moon.

When orders come from lips so sweet,
And money, money, they repeat,
And mistress dare presume
The fetter'd lover feels his chains,
And struggles but t' increase his pains,
Then drops the Honey Moon.

When, "Sir, you must come in at three,
"There's company to dine with me,"
And husband's brows fall down;
Then madam rules with iron rod,
And purse and patience feel the load—
Then sets the Honey Moon.

Let reason's planet then be bright—
'Twill gild the lonely winter's night
With friendship's cherry bloom;
No family broils will cry aloud—
Good nature's sun peeps through the cloud,
Nor changes like the moon.

◆

The Miser Punished.—We extract the following specimen of Turkish tales from the Nouveau Journal Asiatique for May:—Under the reign of the first khalipha, there was a merchant at Bagdad, equally rich and avaricious. One day he had bargained with a porter to carry home for him a large basket of porcelain vases for ten paras. As they went along, he said to the man, "My friend, you are young, and I am old—you can still earn plenty—strike off, I entreat you, a para from your hire." "Willingly," replied the porter. This request was repeated again and again, until, when they reached the house, the porter had only a single para to receive. As they went up the stairs, the merchant said, "If you will resign the last para, I will give you three pieces of advice." "Be it so," said the porter. "Well, then," said the merchant, "if any one tells you it is better to be fasting than feasting, do not believe him; if any one tells you it is better to be poor than rich, do not believe him; if any one tells you it is better to walk than ride, do not believe him." "My good sir," replied the astonished porter, "I knew these things before, but if you will listen to me, I will give you advice such as you never heard." The merchant turned round, and the porter, throwing the basket down the staircase, said to him, "If any one tells you that one of your vases remains unbroken, do not believe him." Before the miser could reply the porter made his escape.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

Method of Destroying worms and Insects with spirits of Turpentine,—BY M. D. THOUIN.

——— I was led to try it by observing that certain plants which have naturally a strong odor, are not infested with insects.

Wishing some years ago to raise four young puppies, I perceived them when a few days old to be very languishing, and discovered that they were full of insects or lice, which were preying upon them. It was in vain that they were combed—new generations succeeded, or were renewed from the mother, and the little animals were on the point of perishing. I then took it into my head to sponge both the mother and the pups with warm water impregnated with spirits of turpentine; and soon found to my agreeable surprise that every turn of the comb brought out numerous dead insects. The little animals soon acquired vigor and were saved by a single repetition of the process during the course of the summer.

I tried the spirits on various insects. Lice when touched with it on the point of a pin, made a few rotary bounds and fell down dead. Bed bugs anointed with the same fluid, after a few steps, turned on their backs and died. A green gilded insect as large as a bean which attacks pear trees, was touched and died immediately, although another insect of the same kind, lived a long time in warm quick lime.

Butterflies, flies, caterpillars, May-bugs, die more or less promptly when attacked with it.

Having learnt these facts, I soon found occasion to try its effects on some of my trees, which were attacked by a multitude of worms. These I destroyed entirely by putting into a bowl a few handsful of earth on which I poured a small quantity of the spirits—then adding the water, and stirring the whole together until it had a proper consistence to be rubbed or brushed over the ends of the branches. The insects perish with their germs; and the odor remaining several days about the tree, repels fresh invaders. A mixture of dirt is necessary, because spirits of turpentine swims upon pure water and will not mix with it; and if used in too great quantities might burn the leaves.

The drouth which occurred a few years ago in the canton in which I live, produced a mange in cattle and horses, very extensive and injurious; and those which escaped this infection were filled with lice, from which they were promptly relieved by sponging earth with water impregnated with the spirits. This infection caused horses fatigued with labor to rub themselves so much against their mangers and the walls of the stables as to deprive them of much of the rest so necessary to their comfort.

I cannot therefore doubt from the trials that have been made, that much benefit might result from the use of turpentine in clearing fields and trees from insects of different kinds; and that a mixture of ashes with which a portion of this liquid has been incorporated, would remove by its odor, the ticks and other insects which infest turnips. Its odor, is more penetrating in the open air than that of sulphur and some other materials used for this purpose.

Taking Honey from Bees.

This may be effected, even with hives of the common construction, by three modes, partial deprivation, total deprivation, and suffocation.

Partial deprivation is performed about the beginning of September. "Having ascertained the weight of the hive, and consequently the quantity of honeycomb which is to be extracted, begin the operation as soon as evening sets in, by reverting the full hive, and placing an empty one over it; particular care must be taken that the two hives are of the same diameter, for if they differ in their dimensions, it will not be possible to effect the driving of the bees. The hives being placed on each other, a sheet or large tablecloth must be tied round them at their point of junction, in order to prevent the bees from molesting the operator. The hives being thus arranged, beat the sides gently with a stick or the hand, but particular caution must be used to beat it on those parts to which the combs are attached, and which will be found parallel with the entrance of the hive. The ascent of the bees into the upper hive will be known by a loud humming noise, indicative of pleasure in finding an asylum from their enemy; in a few minutes, the whole community will have ascended, and the hive with the bees in it may be placed upon the pedestal from which the full hive was removed. The hive from which the bees have been driven, must then be taken into the house, and the operation of cutting out the honeycomb commences. Having extracted the requisite quantity of comb, this opportunity must be embraced of inspecting the hive, and of cleaning it from any noxious matter. In cutting the combs, however, particular attention should be paid not to cut into two or three combs at once, but having commenced the cutting of one, to pursue it to the top of the hive; and this caution is necessary for two reasons. If you begin the cutting of two or three combs at one time, were you to exact the whole of them, you would perhaps take too much; and, secondly, to stop in the middle of a comb, would be attended with very pernicious consequences, as the honey would drop from the cells which have been cut in two, and then the bees on being returned to their native hive, might be drowned in their own sweets. The bees, also, in their return to their natural domicil, being still under the impression of fear, would not give so much attention to the honey which flows from the divided cells; and as it would fall on the board, and from that on the ground, the bees belonging to the other hives would immediately scent the wasted treasure, and a general attack upon the deprivated hive might be dreaded. The deprivation of the honeycomb being effected, the hive may be returned to its former position, and reversing the hive which contains the bees, and placing the deprivated hive over it, they may be left in that situation till the morning, when the bees will be found to have taken possession of their native hive, and if the season proves fine may replenish what they have lost."—*Huish's Treatise on Bees.*

Total deprivation is effected in the same manner, but earlier in the season, immediately after the first swarm; and the bees, instead of being returned to a remnant of honey in their old hive, remain in the new empty one, which they will sometimes, though rarely, fill with comb. By this mode it is to be observed, very little honey is obtained, the bees in June and July being occupied chiefly in breeding, and one, if not two swarms are lost.

Suffocation is performed when the season of flowers begins to decline, and generally in October. The smoke of paper, or linen rag soaked or smeared with melted sulphur, is introduced to the hive by placing it on a hole in the ground, where a few shreds of these articles are undergoing a smothering combustion; or the full hive may be placed on an empty one, inverted as in partial deprivation, and the sulphureous smoke introduced by fumigating bellows, &c. The bees will fall from the upper to the lower hive in a few minutes, when they may be removed and burned, to prevent resuscitation. Such a death seems one of the easiest, both to the insects themselves and to human feelings. Indeed, the mere deprivation of life to animals not endowed with sentiment or reflection, is reduced to the precise pain of the moment without reference to the past or future; and as each pulsation of this pain increased in effect on the one hand, so on the other the susceptibility of feeling it diminishes. Civilized man is the only animal to whom death has terrors.

Estimate of the humanity of the three modes.—Much has been said about the cruelty of killing bees; but if man is entitled to deprive them either totally or partially of their food, he has an equal right (and in truth by that very act exercising it) of depriving them of their lives. For of the hives that have been partially or wholly deprived of their honey, it may be safely affirmed, that there is not one in ten that does any good. If they live till the succeeding spring they are commonly too weak to collect food or to breed, and, being plundered by their neighbors, dwindle away, till at last the hive is without inhabitants. A prompt death is surely preferable to one so protracted. Some judicious observations on this will be found in Huish's book, extracted from the works of La Grenee, a French apiarian.—*London.*

Household Affairs.

Corn Starch,—we are advised by an excellent housekeeper, is no wise inferior to wheat starch, while it can be made with half the labor and expense. As this is the season for making it, we have obtained from our informant, for the Cultivator,

Directions for making It.—Take 30 good ears of green corn, fit for eating, grate the corn with a large grater, a tinthorn will do, into a pail of water; turn the whole through a fine metal cullender, or a coarse cloth strainer, to separate the hulls, &c.; then change the water two or three times, to render the starch, which settles at the bottom, white and clean; and after the last water is removed, the starch may be cut in pieces, laid out a few days to dry, when it is fit for use, and may be kept any length of time. This quantity will suffice a year for a small family.

To boil Meat.—Let the following rules govern. After the water begins to boil, it should be kept boiling till the meat is cooked. Put the meat into cold water, sufficient only to cover, and to keep it covered during the cooking process.—More water than this renders the meat less savory, and weakens the broth. The water should be heated gradually according to the thickness of the article boiled; the larger the piece of meat, the more moderate should be the fire. If the water boils before the meat is heated though, the latter will be hardened, and shrink up as it were scorched. The slower it boils, the tenderer, plumper and whiter it will be. Fresh killed meat requires longer boiling, than that which butchers call ripe, and is withal more tough and hard.

Saving seed Corn.—A selection of Seed Corn is of more importance than many are aware. The ears should be selected in the field, and such only taken for that purpose as ripen early and mature perfectly, giving preference to those stalks which have borne two or more ears the preceding season. A few of the husks should be left on, that the ears may be fastened together and hung up in an airy situation.

"A Farm School,"—Has been established on one of the beautiful islands in Boston Harbor. To this school are sent boys who lack the care of parents and responsible guardians—lads whose habits are not fixed to evil, though their associations are unfriendly to virtue.—*Southern Planter.*

Substitute for India Ink.

Boil in water, some parchment or pieces of fine gloves, until it is reduced to a paste.

Apply to its surface while still warm, a porcelain dish which has been held over a smoking lamp: the lamp black which adheres to it will become detached and mingle with the paste or glue. Repeat the operation until the composition has acquired the requisite color. It is not necessary to grind it. It flows as freely from the pencil as India ink, and has the same transparency.

Public Sale.

WILL positively be sold at Public Sale, on Thursday, the 4th of December next, on the premises, at 2 o'clock, P. M., a small Farm the property of the subscriber, situated in the township of [illegible], in the county of Bucks, on the [illegible] Road near [illegible], [illegible] miles from Philadelphia, and 1 from the Willow Grove Turnpike, containing 45 acres of land, in a high state of cultivation, conveniently divided into [illegible] fields, and principally in with grass, with water in each field.

The improvements consist of a two story stone house, with 2 rooms on the first floor, and 3 on the second, and cellar underneath; a well of good and never failing water near the door, with a pump therein, and a substantial wash house attached thereto; a stone Barn, recently built, 30 feet long and 25 wide, with stabling underneath sufficient for eighteen head of horses and cattle, with running water in the barnyard; a large Wagon-house attached to the Barn, with Granary above; a frame wood house and hog pen, and other out buildings, all in good repair. An Apple Orchard of [illegible] trees, just beginning to bear. There is on this property an excellent stone quarry, that is now profitable. This farm is located in a respectable neighborhood, convenient to places of public worship of different denominations, mills, schools, stores, &c. Persons wishing to view the premises previous to the day of sale, will be cheerfully waited upon by the subscriber [illegible].

Attendance and conditions by JOHN HORNER.

N. B.—One corner of the above farm is in [illegible], where a number of building lots might now be sold at fair prices. nov 1—3t

Removal.—R. & W. Wilson,

INFORM their customers and the public, that they have removed their store from the Northwest corner of Fifth and Cherry st. (where they still continue to manufacture every thing in their line of business,) to the N. W. corner of Fifth and North street, between Market & Arch sts., where they keep constantly on hand, of the town manufacture, a handsome assortment of fashionable Silver Plate, Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs, &c. &c. at the lowest manufacturing prices.—Also, a great variety of Plated Ware of their own importing, such as Tea Sets, Castors, Cake Baskets, Spoons and Forks, plated on steel; Britannia Ware, &c. all of which will be sold at a trifling advance. nov 1—tf

Elegant Hearse for Sale.

A FIRST rate Column Hearse, of the best materials and workmanship, and finished in a very handsome style—made to order. It will be sold low, if immediately applied for to F. SUBER, Monroe Village,
21 miles from Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike.
nov 1—4t*

Fall Goods.

JOHN FAUSSET, No. 25 South Second street, has now on hand, and is daily receiving fresh supplies, which will be sold at the lowest prices, consisting of
Merino Cloths, French and English.
Figured and Plain Gros de Naple and Poult de Soie.
Merino, Thibet and Cashmere Shawls.
Roger's patent Merino Flannels, warranted not to shrink in washing. Fine French do.
Bombazeen, Twilled Mourning Chintzes, Black Crape and Lawn Veils, &c. oct 11—6t

Jacob Senneff,
Brass, Steel, Cane & Reed Manufacturer,
No. 165 North Second Street,

HAVING received letters patent from the United States, for an improvement in making Cane Reeds or Sleys, recommend them to the manufacturers and weavers generally, as being decidedly superior to any thing of the kind ever used. They have been tried in some of the largest manufactories in the United States, and approved of by all. He warrants them to be superior, both for working free and durability, to the Reeds or Sleys made upon the old plan.

Also, a general assortment, suitable for country work, always on hand.

The above articles will be sold as low as by any other manufacturer in the city. sep 27—3m*

Cure for the Rheumatism.

DEAN'S RHEUMATIC PILLS are an effectual remedy for the Rheumatism, and all similar diseases, such as Gout, Cramp, Spasms, Numbness, &c.—They have been extensively used in the United States for the last fifteen years with very high approbation, and multitudes have been relieved by them from most distressing attacks of the Rheumatism. Persons who have been afflicted with the Rheumatism from 15 to 20 years, or who have been wholly unfitted for business for two years together, and unable to walk without aid, have, by using the Pills, been fully restored.

The following certificate of the Hon. Judge Thatcher, of Mass. it is presumed will be highly satisfactory.

"This may certify, that I have freely used for myself and family for several years, Dr. Dean's Pills, and do consider them a safe and useful family medicine, especially for Rheumatism [illegible] complaint, from what I have experienced, seen and heard, I consider them more effectual than any thing else I have known used, and I do think them a valuable discovery. For the purpose of extending their usefulness and of inducing others to try them, I subscribe this certificate.
GEORGE THATCHER."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman of the U. States Army, dated Philadelphia, Nov. 1823.

"Sir:—I had been for more than two years afflicted with this complaint, when I procured a single box of your Rheumatic Pills. I took them with the external means recommended by you, of sweet oil, &c. The effect, to my great joy, was a complete cure. I had previously exhausted the whole Materia Medica, and was on the point of resigning myself to the disease, when accident made me acquainted with your invaluable remedy.
WM. F. SMITH."

"Dr. E. Dean."

Messrs. Maynard & Noyes.

Gentlemen:—I hereby certify, that in January 1830, in consequence of a sudden cold, I was seized with the Rheumatism, which settled in my right hip and was never free from pain one day for seven months. I applied to a number of respectable physicians but could get no relief, and gave up the idea of being cured. I was prevailed upon to try Dr. Dean's Rheumatic Pills, and was helped by them in two days—by taking one box was entirely cured, and am now as free from it as at any period of my life. I wish these Pills may be circulated not only in this country, but in every portion of the world where that distressing disorder, the Rheumatism, is known. JNO. PARKER.
Malden, March 6, 1830.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by Maynard & Noyes; and in this city by I. Thompson, E. & C. Yarnall, C. Marshall, Reeve & Smith, Smith & Hodgson, E. B. Garrigues, T. M'Clintock, J. Bringhurst, P. Griffith, Jr. N. Leming, &c. oct 1—6m

Patent Straw Cutters.

THE Subscriber is now prepared to receive orders for Safford's highly approved Patent Straw Cutters, of which the most approved references can be given.
THOMAS SHIPLEY,
Ironmonger, No. 57 Market street.
N. B. Patent Rights for Kentucky, New Jersey and Delaware States, or any Counties, may be had on moderate terms. aug. 20—tf T. S.

For Sale.

ONE or two new two story Brick Houses, well built in the modern style, two rooms on a floor, folding doors, marble mantels, &c.

Terms will be made easy, and, if required, one half the payment will be taken in Bricks or Lumber. Inquire at No 7 North street, above Tenth street. oct 1—tf

Needles.

JAMES WALTON, No. 12 Fetter Lane, Philadelphia, running from Third to Bread street, and between Arch and Race streets, the only importer of James Smith & Sons' Needles, thankful for past favours, would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he has received an extensive assortment of needles, as follows:—Drill'd and silver eyed sharps and betweens, darners, saddlers, milliners, glovers, bead, harness, netting, rug and surgeons' needles, gilt, plated and steel bodkins, &c. &c. oct 18—3m

I. SCHNAITMAN.
Optician,
No. 206 North Second street, between Vine and Callowhill streets,

RESPECTFULLY returns his thanks to his friends and the public in general, and informs them that he constantly keeps on hand an assortment of his own manufacture, viz: Silver, Tortoise and Steel Spectacles, also, Thermometers, Hydrometers, Spy Glasses, Microscopes, and different other Optical and Mathematical Instruments. He warrants his Glasses to be superior to many imported, which are too often imperfect and deleterious to the eyes. All repairs in his line, done in the shortest notice. The reduced prices and quality of his articles, gives him hope to merit a share of public patronage. oct 25—tf

CARPENTER'S
COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.
A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.

IT has long been a desideratum to obtain a preparation of the above character for the use of families—a convenient application which can always be at hand when accidents occur, and which will afford immediate relief. G. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce the introduction of the above preparation, as possessing all the qualities here described, and with much pleasure recommends it to the faculty and public, as a safe, pleasant and soothing application, for all external irritable wounds, or inflamed surfaces.

It has been fully tested in private practice, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, no application has been productive of so much benefit, and it is confidently recommended to the public, as an article upon whose virtues they can confidently rely. Mild, soothing and gentle in its effect, it is particularly applicable to burns, it allays the heat, and irritation of the parts, in a short time, and quickly induces the healing process.

Every family in the city and country should supply themselves with this preparation; it is superior to most of the ointments which are obtruded upon the public, and may be advantageously employed in all cases, where a mild and stimulating application is required.

It is neatly put up in boxes and jars, at 50 and 25 cents each.
Prepared and sold only at
GEORGE W. CARPENTER'S
Chemical Warehouse,
No. 301 Market street, Philadelphia.
As there may be attempts of imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.
jan. 26, 1834—eotf

Dr. William Hance.

BOTANIC PHYSICIAN, No. 244 Callowhill street, Philadelphia, respectfully announces to the public, that he not only treats the various diseases which may be considered common, but that he treats those diseases which are the more dreaded, because they are generally considered by the community, and represented by the medical faculty, as incurable; such as Consumption, Cancer, Dropsy, Lock jaw, Scrofula or King's Evil, &c., all of which he assures the public are within the reach of medicine, and can be cured, which he is prepared by trial to prove, on [illegible], and that too by the use of medicines purely Botanic.

Dr. Hance is also agent for the sale of Howard's Improved System of Botanic Medicine, founded upon correct physiological principles, embracing a concise view of Anatomy and Physiology, together with an illustration of the new theory of medicine, in two volumes, with plates. Also, a Treatise on the complaints peculiar to females, embracing a system of Midwifery—the whole in conformity with the improved system of Botanic Medicine, one vol. with plates. These three volumes comprise a full set of Horton Howard's works, and accompany his right to use the medicines secured to him by letters patent from the United States. july 8—1m

Marshall's Worm Syrup,
AND INFANT PRESERVATIVE.

IT is recommended to all parents, nurses and others, who have the management of children, as the most safe and effectual worm destroying medicine ever discovered.

The symptoms denoting the existence of worms are indigestion, with a variable appetite, foul tongue, offensive breath, hard, full and tense belly, with occasional griping and pains about the navel, heat and itching sensation about the rectum, the eyes heavy and dull, itching of the nose, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth and starting during sleep, attended with a slow fever.

When these symptoms occur, the worm syrup, if taken according to the directions, will afford relief, destroying the worms and the mucous or slimy matter in which they are involved, and thereby preventing their reproduction.

The proprietor, with a full knowledge of all the different medicines in use for the destruction of worms, can confidently recommend this syrup as the most safe and effectual vermifuge at present known, being entirely free from that deleterious mineral, calomel, and other dangerous drugs which are sometimes used, and which give rise to vertigo, dimness of sight, dilated pupils, &c.

This syrup, besides being a safe and active vermifuge, is agreeable and pleasant to the taste, and no child will refuse to take it: whereas all the worm medicines at present in use are so nauseous and disagreeable, that it is difficult to persuade children to take them.

This medicine is also happily calculated for preventing and removing many other disorders to which children in their early infancy are most liable, such as bowel complaints, [illegible] that much good may be derived from its use, while from its simplicity and innocence, it cannot do any harm.

Prepared and sold at Marshall's drug and chemical store, No. 311 Market street, next door to the Western Bank.

To guard against spurious imitations, the written signature of the proprietor will be placed on each bottle, without which none will be genuine. oct 11—eo3m

Daniel Frowert,

CUTLER, Surgical Instrument and Razor Truss Manufacturer, At No. 9 North Fourth street, above Market street, Philadelphia. sept 6—3m

Druggists' Ware and Vials.

A FULL assortment of Druggists' Ware and Vials, kept constantly on hand and for sale by HARLAN & SIDDALL, Corner of 5th and Minor streets. sep 7—tf

Fire Proof Doors.

FOR sale, a few pair of fire proof doors, in good condition. Will be sold low. Apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, No. 26 Carter's Alley. sep 14—

African Cayenne.

A SMALL invoice of African Cayenne, just received and for sale by HARLAN & SIDDALL,
sep 7—tf Chemists and wholesale druggists, 16 S. 5th st.

A Ramage Printing Press.

FOR sale, a Ramage Printing Press, with iron Bed. Apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, No. 26 Carter's Alley. [illegible]

Castor Oil

OF a superior quality, put up in quart, pint and half pint bottles, for family use. For sale by HARLAN & SIDDALL, Corner of 5th and Minor streets. sep 7—tf

R. S. Gilbert,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD
Canton Buildings, South Eighth street, below Chesnut, east side, Philadelphia.
[Entrance first door below Chesnut.] feb 8—tf

Exchange Office.

JAMES MUSGRAVE, Stock and Exchange Broker, S. E. corner of Third and Chesnut streets.

BANK NOTES of all the States in the Union purchased on moderate terms, viz:
Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut,
New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Virginia,
District of Columbia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, [illegible]
Bank, Insurance, Turnpike, Canal, Rail Roads, and all other Stocks, bought and sold on commission. Drafts collected on [illegible]. mar 15 '34—ly

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

GEORGE P. SCHIVELY, No. 35 South Eighth street, one door below Chesnut, [illegible]
N. B.—Orders from any part of the Union, promptly attended to. sept 20—3m

SURGICAL NOTICE.

THE subscribers respectfully solicit an interview with all who are the subjects of Hernia (or Rupture.) [illegible]

The Medical Faculty are invited to witness the effect of the Truss, and those sufferers under that troublesome disease, will find it to their interest to call on us at the Washington Hotel, No. 6 North Fourth street, Philadelphia, and examine for themselves.

Our universal terms are—NO CURE, NO PAY.
Dr. JNO W. HOOD,
JAS. W. KEITH.
sept 13—3m*

French Millinery
And Fancy Dress Making Establishment.

MRS. S. CHAMBERS, Agent, No. [illegible] Chesnut street, third door below Seventh street, south side, has received by the last packet from Paris, a splendid assortment of Parisian Millinery, [illegible] articles. Mrs. Chambers will make up dresses, [illegible]. Ladies and Merchants will please call and examine for themselves.

WANTED, several apprentices to the Millinery and Fashionable Mantua-making. sept 20—3m

John McAllister & Co.
M'ALLISTER.
At the old established Stand, No 48 Chesnut st. two doors above Second street, Sign of Franklin's Head.

SPECTACLES, in gold & silver frames, of their own manufacture, also, in Tortoise, steel and various frames of various patterns; [illegible] Spectacle Frames. sep 27—3m

Watches, Jewellery & Silver Ware.

WILLIAM BAILY, No. 202 Market street, [illegible] has just received by late arrivals, in his new Store, an elegant assortment of the above goods. [illegible] sept 13—3m*

Canton House,
39 South Eighth, 3d door below Chesnut street.

CHARLES & SYLVESTER, announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened this store for the sale of Teas, Coffee, Chocolate and prepared Cocoa, comprising Gunpowder, Hyson and Black Teas, Stocks, Java and West India Coffee.

C. & S. have selected the London system of confining their business to the sale of the above articles, [illegible]

GREEN TEAS.
Superior Gunpowder, [illegible]
Extra Imperial, [illegible]
Superior Young Hyson, [illegible]
Young Hyson, [illegible]
BLACK TEAS.
Superior Pecco Tea, [illegible]
Souchong and Pouchong, [illegible]
Fine old Java Coffee, [illegible]
Coffee [illegible]
sep 27 '34—1y

SPANISH HIDES AND OIL.
Notice.

THE Subscriber having withdrawn from the copartnership of TIMOTHY ABBOTT & CO. [illegible]
DAVID KIRKPATRICK,
No. 21 South Third Street.
N. B.—All kinds of Leather in the Rough wanted, for which the highest market price will be given, either in cash, or in exchange for Hides and Oil. Leather stored free of charge, and sold on commission. oct 4—3m

Silver Ware Manufactory,
No. 90 North 5th Street, 4th door above Cherry.

THE Subscriber, grateful for past favors, [illegible]
Metal Gilding.
Watch cases, buckles, and ornaments of every description, [illegible]
PETER THOMSON.

To the Ladies.

JUST received from New York, a large assortment of Merino Shawls, and other fancy Dry Goods, [illegible]
SIMON SOLASKEY.

Important to Ladies and Gentlemen.

ROBERT KIGEY, SILK DYER AND FINISHER, [illegible]

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of the late THOMAS [illegible], are requested to [illegible] Executors.
oct 18—1mo No. 119 South Wharves, above South St.

Wholesale and Retail Bedding WARE-HOUSE, corner of 4th and Vine Sts.

THE Subscriber offers for sale [illegible]
N. B.—Old hair renovated. All goods bought at this store will be warranted. feb 15—1y

Wetherill & Brothers,

NO. 65 North Front street, Druggists, Chemists and Colour Merchants, manufacturers of
White Lead, Red Lead, Litharge, Orange Mineral, Chrome Yellow, Chrome Green, Blue Vitriol, Rochelle Salt, Tartar Emetic, [illegible]
Calomel, Muriatic Acid, Aqua Fortis, Copperas, Sugar of Lead, Nitric Acid, Sulph. Quinine, [illegible]
Dealers in Dye Woods and Window Glass. Brimstone, Camphor, Borax, Saltpetre, &c.

Double Looped
Stockinet Shirts and Drawers—a new Article, of a Superior Quality.

JOSEPH HIBBERT, No. 35 North Sixth street, [illegible] Philadelphia, respectfully informs the public, that he has commenced the manufacture of Cotton, Worsted and Woollen Shirts and Drawers, [illegible] to call and examine for themselves.

Book-Keeping.
A new System of Book-keeping, taught in a superior Mercantile Manner, in half the time of any other in the Union.

THIS System is far superior to the Italian [illegible]
A New System of Penmanship.
[illegible]
Scholars may attend at any time between sunrise and 9 P. M.—Ladies write in separate Rooms. feb 5—tf

THE subscriber has now on hand, nearly 20 dozen bottles of purified Bears' Oil, warranted fresh and pure, received direct from Missouri. [illegible]
Indian Dye.
For colouring red, light, grey, or grisly hair, a beautiful and permanent brown or jet black, [illegible]
Indian Oil,
For gradually colouring the hair. [illegible]
W. GLENN,
No. 81 South Third st opposite the Exchange, Philada.

TETTER Ointment.
DOCTOR ABRAHAM HOWELLS GENUINE TETTER OINTMENT.

THIS OINTMENT cures effectually, the Tetter, Scald Head, Ringworm, [illegible]

PRICES of large boxes one dollar, [illegible] A liberal discount made to Druggists, and those who purchase to sell again.

Prepared and sold wholesale and retail by Isaac P. Howell, (son of the late Dr. Abraham Howell) at No. 63 North 5th street, [illegible] Philadelphia.

CAUTION.—In consequence of several spurious imitations being passed on the public as Dr. Howell's Genuine Tetter Ointment, [illegible]

TO THE AFFLICTED.
[illegible]
CHALKLEY BAKER.

New and Fashionable JEWELLERY, WATCHES, &c.

THE subscriber having added to his former stock, a variety of new and fashionable goods, [illegible] plain Watches, Mantel Time Pieces, Musical Boxes, Silver Spoons, Plated and Britannia Ware, &c.
E. LESCURE, No. 76 North Second street, above Arch, opposite the Philadelphia Hotel.
N. B.—Band rings of various colours and fashion. Clocks and Watches carefully repaired, and warranted.

Cure for Bowel Complaints.

DR. JAYNE'S Carminative Balsam and Health Restorative, [illegible]

James Fife & Son,
REED MAKERS,
CARRY on the above line in all its branches, [illegible]

Carpet Manufactory.

JOSEPH SWARTZ, No. 319 North Third street, [illegible] Franklin Institute, for manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality.

Patent Gum Elastic Boots & Shoes.

THE undersigned has constantly on hand, a good supply of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gum Elastic Boots, Shoes, [illegible]
D. BREED, No. 13 North 3d street.

Gun and Rifle Manufactory.

THE subscriber respectfully informs [illegible]
Lancaster, Pa. August 19, 1834. JACOB FORDNEY, Jr.